

## The Critic

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## Henry James, Jr., and The Modern Novel.

WE reviewed lately in these columns the last of Henry James's novels, 'The Portrait of a Lady,' and summed up briefly what seemed to us to be the leading characteristics of that tantalizing story. But we hardly like to leave the matter without some more general considerations regarding the author and his work. He is so much the creation of the modern or scientific methods—so representative of them in the world of romance—that he almost makes a school of novel-writing by himself. He is neither American nor French, much less English, in his treatment of life, but is realistic, almost materialistic, as opposed to spiritual and imaginative. Perhaps his natural antagonism is transcendentalism. The human character is to him mechanical. All its springs can be touched. If there is any power behind—any mighty force that moves even machinery, he fails to see it, or to believe in it. What lies on the surface he sees; what he can get at by taking the machine to pieces, he gets at with remarkable precision. He certainly excels in portrait-painting, and his excellence grows. He improves in every fresh work. His dissection of moods, of motives, of sections of life, is as minute and neat and complete as one could desire. His observation takes a wide range, and his eye is keen for shading in character. To find fault with his results one must get away from the fascination of immediate inspection. The artistic work is too exact and polished. There is no flaw in the workmanship. The neat, epigrammatic French academician could not make more compact dialogue, could not exclude from a sentence more rigorously all superfluous epithet. The most rigorous realist would fail to find any trace of sentimentality. His personages are all earth-born, and no high celestial essence ever bears the gross earthy particle to which it is attached beyond the reach of gravitation. Indeed, the spiritual becomes earthy, the ethereal materializes, the Newtonic theory of gravitation prevails and all comes down together. One is astonished to find how essentially matter-of-fact love and aspiration and all upward forces are. Sometimes one is more than astonished; he is chagrined and hurt. He feels cheated. But when he looks again at the analysis, he finds there is no cheat. It is all there in nature—the grossness, the heaviness, the earthy. If it is some ambitious, calculating love which the reader would chide, he has only to turn to his sister or his first-cousin, instead of the lovely girl he left in the last ball-room, to find the model which the artist has chosen, and he recognizes the main truth of the picture.

This is the trouble. The technique is perfect; but we quarrel with it. It satisfies the intellect and the observing faculties. It satisfies the man at the club-window; but it

does not satisfy the heart. The heart idealizes; it puts in qualities and colors which re-create the picture; but when the artist looks about for the pigments, he fails to find them. It is the story over again of the unilluminated painter who puts into the landscape all there is to be seen, all that can be reduced to visibility and tangibility, and yet leaves out the peculiar effect of atmosphere and light—

'The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.'

What is it that is left out? If we read any sketch by Hawthorne—'Old Ticonderoga,' for instance—as against any chapter of James's, we are conscious at once of the value of imagination in novel-writing. It is easy to see that Mr. James lacks all this weird and beautiful faculty as it existed in Hawthorne—that is, he lacks the spiritual quality. He does not come within a thousand leagues of him; and yet the technique in Hawthorne is perfect; the description is exact, as far as it goes. There are plenty of details left out which Mr. James would put in; but there is one thing put in which Mr. James leaves out, and that one thing makes the whole beauty and charm of the picture. What is it? It is equally easy to see that our author has none of the pathos of Dickens. He cannot approach him, and he would not if he could. It is to him unreal. He cannot analyze and find it in nature. It belongs to the intangible, invisible; and Mr. James lives wholly in the world of scientific reality. Ralph Touchett has something as nearly akin to pathos as anything in James, but the writer is half ashamed of it. We can equally well assert that our novelist has none of the broad humor of Walter Scott—that intense human element which so rolls and rollicks in good nature. He has wit, but no strong, rich humor. He can be sarcastic to a degree, but never genial, like Thackeray. So that, with humor and pathos and spiritual imagination left out, we leave him not Thackeray, nor Dickens, nor Scott, nor Hawthorne; but he is still Henry James—acute, witty, incisive, flashing, entertaining, provoking, interesting, but not warming, or delighting, or elevating us a particle. We can read him by the hour and be fascinated, but not touched strongly. We quarrel eternally with his conclusions, but can seldom justify ourselves in words for the quarrel. We feel keenly and resent the loss of the element of warmth and color, of human sweetness and sympathy. Whenever he attempts to paint what is noble, he lessens the beauty of nobility; and whenever he touches upon high sentiment, high sentiment loses in some degree its disinterestedness. There is certainly in us all some general quality better than all our detail; and in the true artist we have a right to expect the power to discover and reproduce this quality. It is, after all, the power of breathing life into his mechanism. As the methods of scientific thinking do much to eliminate the spiritual action of the imagination, so the methods of scientific analysis of character have a tendency to eliminate the life-principle in all representation of human action. J. H. MORSE.

## Literature

## The Religions and the Resources of India.\*

M. BARTH first wrote his essay (1) as an article to be contributed to the Encyclopædia of Religious Sciences published at Paris. The attention it attracted induced him to reprint it as a separate volume, a translation of which is now before us. It will be readily imagined that a volume of some 300 pages can present no very exhaustive study of the most complicated religious labyrinth that has ever puzzled the hierographer. At most we might expect a

\* (1) The Religions of India. By A. Barth, member of the Société Asiatique of Paris. Authorized Translation by Rev. F. Wood. 3s. (2) A Manual of Hindu Pantheism. The Vedântasāra. Translated, with copious annotations, by Major G. A. Jacob. 4s. 6d. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (3) The Imperial Gazetteer of India. By W. W. Hunter, Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. 9 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

rough sketch of the chain of beliefs which extends through a period of perhaps 5000 years, beginning in the worship of natural phenomena and passing through every stage of idolatry to end in a pure Pantheism. Such a sketch M. Barth has drawn with a master hand, and his bold, clear method of treating his difficult subject is scarcely marred by a translation which would have rendered a less perspicuous style utterly incomprehensible. In order to have any distinct conception of the modern Hindu religions, it is necessary to go back to the earliest times, when the common ancestors of Hindu and European pastured their flocks on the hills and plains of Bactria. To these primitive herdsmen, living in the closest converse with nature, was given a grand and simple faith, joined with that unhesitating sense of right and wrong which is the truest nobility. Their hymns of prayer and praise are in part preserved, as every one knows, in the Vedic writings, forming the nucleus of a vast mass of literature, termed collectively the Veda, in which the corrupting influence of a powerful and exclusive priesthood becomes more and more apparent as we pass from the earlier to the later portions. Heaven was first personified as the god *Varuna*, of which the Greek equivalent is *ὐρανός* (*ouranos*). The sun is his eye, the sky his garment, and the storm his breath. *Agni*, the fire, identical with the Latin *ignis*, was worshipped as a god in numerous hymns. He was first the terrestrial fire, then the fire of lightning and of the sun. His home was in the mystic supernal heaven, where dwells eternal light and where the first principles of all things abide for ever. Then he came to be considered as the messenger from men to the gods and from the gods to men, for he consumed the sacrifice in his flames, and everything thrown on the fire with proper ceremony was believed to ascend directly to heaven. The sacred fire was in those times kept burning in every prosperous household, and the head of the family was himself the priest and the sacrificer. As time went on, and as the Aryans made their way further and further into India, the class of families who had preserved these early traditions of ritual extended their privilege into a monopoly, and multiplied their religious practices by continual involution, to speak mathematically, until they reached a degree of complication never since equalled in any religion. As they departed further from the stately simplicity of a pure nature-worship, they lost sight of the simple faith which had been its foundation; and making capital of their technical knowledge of the sacrificial art, coupled as it was with the understanding of all that science had yet attained to, they played upon the ignorance of the non-priestly classes, exacting rich compensation for their good offices. These priests were the Brahmins, the sacred caste, to slay or injure one of whom was the unpardonable sin. Having lost all pure religion in a complicated mysticism, they became sceptical, and their active, well-trained minds made excursions into the regions of pure philosophy, which, if less rigorously logical in method, are no whit inferior in boldness and breadth to the modern speculations of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. Absorbingly interesting as this Brahmanic philosophy is, it nevertheless does not form a compact whole, a complete system, any more than would the works of the three German thinkers cited, if condensed into one. Its teachers lived at different times and in different centres of thought. True, they nearly all had a common starting point; the fundamental idea seems to have been that the principle of life in man, the *ātman*, as they called it, was the same as that which animates nature. At first this principle was believed to be a sort of *homunculus*, a very minute being in the image of living man and dwelling in the human heart, directing thence the actions of the individual; this gross theory soon gave way to the belief in the vital air or ether as the universal agent, animating all beings and making them all akin with the supreme Divine Essence. Hence followed naturally enough a pure Pantheism, which assumed its ultimate form in the system of the Vedānta, a variety of which, founded on the sacred writings called the *Upanishads*, constitutes the only real belief, apart from caste observances, held by modern Hindus. The metaphysicians of the *Upanishads* were theosophists, tending to the identification of man and God.

But although there is abundant evidence that much of this system is very old, yet the 250 *Upanishads* which embody Hindu philosophy are all posterior to Buddhism—at least in the form in which they now exist. It is therefore often impossible to separate the purely Hindu thoughts in these books from the more recent Buddhist doctrines engrafted upon them. The reform of Śākya Muni swept like a tidal wave over the ancient landmarks of Hindu thought, covering everything under its smooth waters; and

when the flood of new ideas subsided, it became impossible to distinguish the original matter from the vast deposit washed down by the new religion in its ebb and flow. In their struggles against the reform which at one time entirely overpowered them, the Brahmins made use of every stratagem, lawful and unlawful, to rally the ignorant classes round their forsaken standard. They reared the strange figure of Krishna, with all his sensual rites and degrading practices, as an anti-god to Gautama Buddha, and there was not a vice which they did not uphold as an inducement to those who would join them. It was with them not a fight for religion alone, but for their very existence as a body, seeing that Buddha sought to level all caste at a single stroke with his great maxim that men were born equal and free as to their humanity, though in bondage to the sins of their former existences. Rāma is another such anti-god, though on the whole the legends connected with him are more homogeneous than those referred to Krishna. Through the subsequent subdivisions of Hinduism, Mr. Barth leads us rapidly but surely, only pausing occasionally to denounce the folly of some philosophical tenet or the depravity of some form of idolatry.

MAJOR JACOB'S little book (2) is a fitting sequel to the work just noticed. Religion in India has degenerated to-day into a mere code of caste observances, accompanied by a more or less superstitious idolatry, according as the individual is more or less enlightened. It may be said that all the modern Hindu believes, so far as it is not degrading superstition, is contained in the Vedāntasāra. This summary of religious principles Major Jacob has translated with great accuracy into English, adding a series of notes which display considerable research, and a familiarity with Hindu thought only to be acquired by long residence in the East. The doctrines expounded are based upon the *Upanishads*, mentioned above, and may be said to inculcate a species of gnostic Pantheism. The animating principle of all nature is one, and the apparent diversity of agents is due to the obscure and ignorant working of the human mind. Nothing is real but this single, indivisible essence, and all else is illusion arising from ignorance. Consequently, to get rid of the idea of duality is the main object of a religious life. This reminds us forcibly of the *ens* of Xenophanes and the early Eleatic school of Greek philosophers. It is not, however, sufficient merely to admit the identity of all things with the divine essence; such a confession of faith is only the beginning. To attain to wisdom a man must by intense meditation arrive at a knowledge of outer objects subjectively, and not from the impressions produced on the senses only. This species of knowledge Kant and most modern thinkers regard as unattainable, arguing that the only purely subjective and original conceptions of which we are capable are those of space and time. The Hindus, however, believe that man can identify himself with outer objects by strict adherence to specific rules, of which the main features are forbearance, religious postures, regulation of the breath, restraint of the organs of sense, and intense meditation. It is impossible in these narrow limits to expound the intricate train of reasoning followed out in the Vedāntasāra, but a careful comparison of its contents with modern transcendental philosophy would yield some interesting results. The value of Major Jacob's contribution to the history of philosophy must not be judged by its extent in pages, which is small, but rather by the profoundness of the subject and the clear, scientific manner in which the translator and annotator has treated it.

THIS handsome series of volumes (3) has been prepared under the auspices of the Government of India during the past twelve years, and is now issued at a price (three guineas) which puts it within general reach. It ought to be everywhere accessible to the student of human history and institutions. The responsible editor (or, rather, author, for his 'I' is seen abundantly through the pages) is very well known as writer of some of the most interesting and popular books on India that have appeared in this generation; his 'Annals of Rural Bengal' is the first and most meritorious of them. He gives in his Preface an account of the planning and carrying out of the surveys and researches whose results he has reduced to shape. Near a hundred volumes of more special reports of the great districts have been published as foundation for the 'Gazetteer'; the account of Bengal, in twenty volumes (1875), is by himself. His aids have been the officials scattered through the country, working on a scheme drawn out in full detail by him, and held up to their work by his never-failing enthusiasm and energy.



Certainly, the credit of bringing to so satisfactory a conclusion an enterprise more than once in the history of British India taken up only to be let fall again, belongs in full measure to him.

The separate articles of the 'Gazetteer,' we are told, count about eight thousand, carefully selected from a considerably greater number. They are of every length, from a few lines to five hundred pages, according as they deal with single localities, smaller and larger districts, or 'India' itself, under which head is made an interesting summary of the whole work, setting forth the geography, ethnology, ancient and modern history, literature, agriculture, commerce, products, and vital statistics of the peninsula, from the Himalaya range to Cape Comorin. The possessions of the native princes are nowhere omitted, their treatment being only less elaborate than that of the English dominions.

The English papers say that the comprehensive article 'India' is to be issued by Mr. Hunter as a separate work. It will be welcome, especially for its full information respecting the modern history and present condition of the country; nor, indeed, is its depiction of ancient India otherwise than excellent upon the whole, although not infrequent slips and inaccuracies show that the author is not a scholar—a fortunate thing, it may be added, for the general public, to whom he would in that case hardly have presented this digest of collected knowledge.

#### "South Sea Sketches."\*

MRS. DAHLGREN is a woman well-known in official and in fashionable circles. Beyond the limits of these she has long been held in esteem as the wife of an officer of high rank in the United States Navy, and as the mother of a beloved and lamented soldier, who gave his young life in the service of his country. She has also been conspicuous as an opponent of the Woman Suffrage movement, belonging probably to the class of women 'who have all the rights they want,' except that of withholding the rights which some other women may want. The tone of the book before us is lively, and the matter of which it treats has an added interest at this moment from the prominence of South American affairs among the struggles of the time. Its narrative begins with the 1st of June, 1867, and describes Mrs. Dahlgren's outward and homeward voyages, together with her visits to various cities of importance in Peru and Chili. In Lima she records a stay of some months, which allowed her to visit places of interest in the city and its neighborhood; while her husband's official position gave her access to the best society of the place, and abundant opportunities for the observation of its manners and customs. In Valparaiso, also, she becomes domesticated, and writes pleasantly of her doings and surroundings. Santiago and Carquenas are described, with various excursions which need not here be further specified. The sketches of these things, rapidly and easily written, are interspersed with a somewhat extended expression of her views on a great variety of subjects, among which we may mention the army and naval service, the merits of the Dahlgren gun, the sewing-machine (which she contemns), the doctrine of universal peace (in which she does not believe), the materialism of the age, etc. A perusal of Mrs. Dahlgren's book leads us to think of her as a well-intentioned person, of vivacious likings and dislikings, whose merits, no doubt, are fully recognized among her friends and acquaintance. Having said what we are able in appreciation of her work, we must now reluctantly mention its less attractive features. And first, as to her use of the first personal pronoun plural. The 'we' of royalty, and of the critic in reviews and newspapers, is conceded to one who represents several or many. The sovereign, speaking for the state, says 'we'; so does he who speaks for that other state, the daily and periodical press. But 'we' is not appropriate to a personal narrative. Queen Victoria does not employ it either in her private letters or in her published journal. Mrs. Dahlgren's use of the pronoun is somewhat steep, especially in such phrases as, 'our husband,' and 'when we were a very little child.' This, however, is one of the smallest blemishes of the book, whose offences against good English and good style approach the audacious achievements of Mrs. Malaprop. A few instances may here be quoted. The writer says: 'to sodden,' sodden being the past participle of the verb 'to seethe'; 'great amplitude of skirts are worn here'; 'Spain, with whom the country is at war.' So much for grammar; and now for style: Writing of the Cholos of Peru, who are the representatives of the

aboriginal race of the country, Mrs. Dahlgren says: 'Such is the bitter dereliction of this once contented race, that to this day the melancholy imprint of their wretchedness is deeply set upon their countenances.' Speaking of an admired mountain, she says: 'We often love to ascend its base.' He shakes hands affably on meeting us—'with himself? one naturally asks. 'The suspended life of our boy,' she writes, meaning the life concerning which our minds are in suspense. She finds it difficult to look upon the Chinaman as an 'individualism.' We should think she might. Mrs. Dahlgren considers that 'the fatal mistake in the Inca rule was the undue development of a peace policy.' The italics, in this instance, are her own. After enlarging somewhat upon the mistaken character of this peace-policy, she remarks: 'There is no lesson in history more solemn than this fact, that *when-ever individual sins repeated reach a certain aggregate*, then a nation becomes corrupt.' The only pendant which we can find for this profound and original assertion is Hamlet's exclamation, 'There's not a villain stirring in all Denmark, but he's an arrant knave.' We may continue further in Horatio's words: 'There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this.' And having quoted so much, we may take leave of our subject after the manner of Horatio's master:

'And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.'

#### "Tom" Corwin.

'TOM' CORWIN—nobody who can remember for five-and-twenty years can call him anything but Tom—is fortunate in his memorialist. This book is in no sense a biography; it is hardly even a sketch, as the author calls it; but it is a memorial. Its purpose is to preserve the memory of Corwin, not for what he did, but for what he was. A dozen lines, printed in 'small caps,' as the printers say, as a kind of introduction, tell us, besides the date and place of birth and death, when he began his public career, when he was chosen or appointed to this or that distinguished office. But all this the author evidently looked upon as the mere husk of a life which was remarkable, not because he who filled it was a senator of the United States, a foreign minister, or a member of some forgotten president's cabinet—such things may happen to anybody—but because of the intrinsic greatness of the man himself. It would, of course, have been easy enough to make two or three volumes of ordinary memoirs out of the public career of this man who made so many speeches, who was so long in office, who filled, in his time, so large a space in the public sight. But what poor stuff they would needs be compared to this reverential and affectionate memoir by one who loved Corwin for the great qualities of his heart and his head, and for those rare elements of character about which the world knew nothing.

'I am but a tradition,' Corwin said when he returned to Congress after a long absence, and found himself surrounded by new men and new things. But for this little monograph he would have soon ceased to be even that. Why? He would have himself explained by saying it was because he was a popular orator. 'Do you know, my young friend,' he once said to an aspiring public speaker, 'that the world has a contempt for the man that entertains it?' Naturally there was a flavor of bitterness in this, for he had learned the real value of his reputation for eloquence and wit; but there was truth also. Yet he was mistaken in supposing the contempt is for the man, when in fact it is only for the entertainment—the sort of contempt, that is, which is felt for a thing that is always to be had for the asking. 'Eloquence is dog-cheap in the anti-slavery convention,' said Emerson. He might have said—if he had ever heard a word of slang in the rarefied air of Concord—that it is 'dog-goned' cheap everywhere. No average American would be willing to confess that he could not think and talk 'upon his legs.' And so common is eloquence, or what passes for eloquence, that the thinking has come to be a very unimportant part of the talking. Let the orator but have learned the stage-tricks—the attitude, the gestures, the tones—it does not matter much what he says; the audience is carried away all the same. There is a story in Mr. Russell's book much to the point. A deaf man listened to one of the really eloquent speakers of thirty or forty years ago. He was bathed in tears at the pathos, roused to the most vociferous applause by other passages. 'I can't hear a darned word,' he said; 'but, great Jericho, don't he do the motions splendid!'

\* South Sea Sketches. By Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

\* Thomas Corwin: a sketch. By A. P. Russell, author of 'Library Notes.' Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1881.

Corwin knew what his reputation was with the multitude, and what it was worth. Therefore was he known as 'Tom' Corwin. But he was undoubtedly a man of real eloquence, as well as of other great gifts—of wit, of learning, of noble purposes, of large human sympathies, of a generous nature. One cannot read Mr. Russell's book without being thankful that, from the oblivion which so speedily overshadows those whose only title to greatness is political reputation, he has rescued the memory of one who should not be forgotten though he was a politician. He is no longer the Tom Corwin and 'the wagon-boy' of the stump of 1840-50, but a man for whose career his country was the better—for whose influence over many men their lives were the wiser and the happier.

#### "Aspects of Poetry."

HERETICAL as it may sound, in regard to a man who occupies the Chair of Literature at Oxford, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion, after reading Professor Shairp's lectures on 'Aspects of Poetry,' that he is not endowed with a critical mind. He possesses so clear and agreeable a style, and, on the subjects with which he is in sympathy he says so many thoughtful and acute things, that it is not difficult to see how he has come to be considered an authority. His book is for the most part very pleasant reading, and leads one over very delightful ground; but his mind is so encumbered with prejudices as to be incapable of taking a dispassionate view of any literary achievement, or of judging it from the author's own standpoint. He is on the lookout, in every poet, for one thing—the Christian or the moral element, which he confounds as one and the same, and which he does not hesitate to claim in Virgil as well as in Wordsworth, in Shakspeare no less than in Cardinal Newman. When he cannot find it, as in Shelley, he is utterly incompetent to the duty of a critic, and asserts that the sole charm of Shelley's poems lies in the sensuous quality of the words, and exists only for the very young.—One must have the ears of a Scotchman to speak of 'the roar and the thunder of the bagpipe,' and to admire certain irregular and somewhat commonplace stanzas because they imitate and reproduce those marvellous tones. And again, in descanting upon the beauty of Wordsworth's very unequal poems on Yarrow, one must have been born north of the Tweed to allude to the name 'Yarrow' as 'a poem in itself, so wildly sweet, sad, and musical!' We are reminded of the worthy German who, on being asked to recall a certain name to which his companion could give him no other clew than that it had a soft, Italian sound, suggested 'Hufnagel.' One must be an ardent lover of sermons and liturgies to regret with Professor Shairp that Burns did not try his hand at hymn-writing, and reflect more of the devotional spirit in his poetry.

And surely, in these days of wide research and comparison, when the most alien fields of literature are ransacked for their peculiar crop, a little more cosmopolitanism of taste is expected than that a professor of criticism should speak in one contemptuous sentence of French literature as 'dead,' and as 'possessing among the moderns, little that looks to us like poetry at all.' We recommend to Professor Shairp the study of De Musset, Hugo, Béranger, Lamartine, Gautier, Coppée, Prudhomme, not to mention the numerous lesser lyrists who to-day enrich French literature with their exquisite verse—of all of whom he is either unpardonably ignorant or unaccountably forgetful. Perhaps such a study would tend to modify his views, of the literary and artistic merits of Mr. Duncan MacIntyre, and of the 'prose-poetry' of Cardinal Newman.

#### "Country Pleasures."†

IF, as it is said, all men of letters have their respective intellectual ancestries, so, too, have the books written by them. Accordingly, in 'Country Pleasures' we meet a lineal descendant of that most English and delightful of books, 'The Natural History of Selborne.' If, in the present instance, Gilbert White is not with us, the discovering eye and reverent heart toward Nature are not absent; if not Selborne and its interesting vicinage, we have Moston (or moss-town) an ancient parish in Lancashire—Lancashire, with its holiday observances, its local myths, and its 'boggart' hauntings. Here, in his spacious garden, for the most part, the author finds the material that so richly furnishes forth the 'Chronicle of a Year.' The master of the garden, though

evidently a skilled naturalist, considerably relegates all botanical technique to a carefully prepared index, so that if we are under instruction it is not that of academic drill. With the naturalist's habit of minute observation, he unites the characteristics of a poetic virtuoso, and is perhaps even more 'a friend to the muses' than a chronicler of nature, as may be inferred from the multiplicity of his quotations. Rather, should we say, the reader's pleasure will be dual; since, in addition to the 'Year Book,' he will have a charming anthology of rural and seasonable verse. We appreciate the author's reason (given in the preface) for introducing such an array of poetic testimony. All England is classic, hallowed ground. Every locality has its enshrined memory of a poet that proves a prompting *genius loci* to the visitor of to-day. Such embarrassment of inherited riches frequently stands in the way of original impression and portraiture. Every tree, like Tennyson's 'Talking Oak,' has a quaint, or a tragic, or a necromantic tale to whisper through its leaves. It is no wonder, therefore, in considering the daisy, that Mr. Milner should be moved to loving reminiscences of 'Dan' Chaucer and May morning; and how can we refuse the daffodil posy he gathers for us in various old-fashioned perennial gardens? But the tie-string he brings to bind around these borrowings deserves attention: 'The daffodil is eminently a flower of the wind. When you see it rudely tossed about, you are not pained but gladdened.' Has Herrick, among all his plaintive prettinesses, said anything so true to the nature of the daffodil? In few words Mr. Milner is able to turn the delicately-pencilled bell of the foxglove into a fairy 'interior.' Elsewhere we are shown a 'row of hart's-tongue, the fresh leaves of which look like six or seven white eggs laid in a green nest.' To those who live in shaded places he recommends the cultivation of yellow flowers, adding that 'they give a feeling of sunshine on cloudy days.' He reminds us that the higher we climb the smaller and brighter will be the flowers in our path. 'A shadow on the dewy grass is not the same as that which falls on the dry,' is a true touch of morning inspiration. He has discovered that the sounds of the sea making toward the shore are threefold; and he strikes the tonic of the North-wind's music when he says it 'seems to blow a thin, keen note through a high-pitched reed.' When the author takes us to the Lake Country and we listen on a December day to the blasts that come down from Helvellyn, we, too, are glad to recognize the 'snow-muffled winds' that Wordsworth heard and reported. When we cruise around Arran and Cantire, and under Ailsa Rock, we pardon our pilot, if instead of saying much himself he gives us Keats's noble sonnet on the 'craggy ocean pyramid.' Again we share the author's triumph when he proves, by his own observation, that Shelley was right in making the skylark soar and sing

'In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun.'

Mr. Milner's book illustrates, most happily, the English love of nature and out-door life. Of this trait we have, indeed, recurring proof in the many works of similar character recently issued by the English press.

#### Additions to the "Franklin Square Library."

IT is a pity that this interesting biography\* has not been given to the American public in an ampler form. Those who care to read a life of the great architect will surely care to give a book for which there was so great a need, and which must please them so well, a permanent place on the library shelf. Sir Christopher as an architect has been often discussed; but Sir Christopher as a man has never received his due share of attention. Apart from the brief articles in various cyclopædias, from two unsatisfactory 'lives' written in the beginning of this century by Mr. James Elmes, and from the scarce folio called the 'Parentalia,' written by the son and grandson of Sir Christopher as a memorial of the family, there has been little to which the student could refer. Materials for a full personal life are not abundant; but Sir Christopher's friends and associates were among the foremost men of his stirring times and he was closely connected with public events. The famous Bishop of Ely was his uncle; Evelyn was his dear and constant associate; he saw the Protector and six sovereigns upon the English throne; and he was connected with the court through all the period of his maturity. These facts and these persons are delightfully touched upon in Miss Phillimore's book. But they

\* Aspects of Poetry. By J. C. Shairp, LL.D. \$2.75. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

† Country Pleasures. By G. Milner. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

\* Sir Christopher Wren; his Family and his Times, with Original Letters and a Discourse on Architecture hitherto Unpublished. 1585-1728. By Lucy Phillimore. 20 cts. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.



might well have been further enlarged upon. There is no attempt at a description of Sir Christopher's works, still less at a critical estimate thereof. They are merely noted with sufficient fulness to give some idea of his position and his immense activity. And the references to his minor but very important avocations—to his researches in science and art, his performance as a member of Parliament, and his enterprise in the formation and conduct of the Royal Society—are actually tantalizing in their curtness. It is seldom we lay down a biography with the feeling that remains when this is finished—with the wish that it might have been expanded to twice its present length. Let us hope for some future work in which the two aspects of Sir Christopher's career—as a man and as an artist—may be simultaneously treated at sufficient length. Miss Phillimore's book is thoroughly well-written and charming from end to end. It is an added attraction, perhaps, in view of its subject, that we find the story told from the Royalist point of view, with an unquestioning *naïveté* of faith that is rare indeed in these latter days. We do not go to such a book for politics proper; and whatever our private views may be, we can appreciate the artistic fitness of telling the life of the architect of Charles II. and the nephew of the Bishop of Ely from the Stuart standpoint.

THERE is no living man whose life is better worth telling than that of Giuseppe Garibaldi.\* He belongs to the past; his career may be dispassionately judged. Mr. Bent has many qualifications for relating the story; he knows the facts as well as they need be known, and he writes in a popular style. The difficulty that has always met Garibaldi's biographers is how to distinguish the truth through the cloud of romance that has so long enveloped him. Alexander Dumas, the elder, having taken the incidents of his early life and, as Mr. Bent says, 'painted them in the gayest colors,' it is hard to know how those days of adventure were really spent. It is certain that in 1834 he was at Genoa when 'Young Italy' raised the banner of independence; that he fled in peasant's disguise to Marseilles; that he entered the navy of the Bey of Tunis, and put down a mutiny on his vessel by shooting the ringleader; that he sailed for South America, served under the military governor of Uruguay, and married the beautiful Brazilian Anita Leonata. Of the extraordinary stories that were told concerning Anita, of her captivity and escape, her prowess in sieges and on the battle-field, Mr. Bent would have been more than human if he had deprived his readers. Without pausing for breath he carries his hero through the Montevideo campaign and through the siege of Rome, landing him in New York in 1848, when Louis Blanc was giving dancing lessons in that city, and Félix Pyat was shifting scenes, and Lamartine was begging in the streets. In the Italian campaigns that follow he at last touches hard ground. Thenceforward the facts are indisputable. The author is at no pains to glorify Garibaldi. He sees his virtues and his faults—'cuor d'oro ma testa di bove.' He might have pointed out the contradictions of his later career—how, a Radical, he sought support in Parliament from the Right; how, a Republican, he met the king; how, an anti-clerical, he made friends of the Pope's partisans. But, after all, what is there in Garibaldi's life that dying he would wish undone? What stain of cruelty, falsehood, or ambition, lies on his escutcheon? It is a life which, if few should imitate, all must admire. Truly said George Sand: 'Garibaldi ne ressemble à personne, et il y a en lui une sorte de mystère qui fait réfléchir.'

It was a wise novelist who first took for his theme the readjustment of his hero's and his heroine's life after marriage, instead of the usual difficulties before the wedding. It is now a favorite theme, and has descended from novels such as 'Romola' and 'Middlemarch' to those of the class to which 'Ivy' belongs. We do not intend to speak with disrespect of 'Ivy'; it is better than most of its kind, and its author perhaps hardly claims to rank with George Eliot; but while we have no reason to warn people away from it who would naturally take it up, we find nothing to encourage those to seek it who never have heard of it.

ORIGINAL and brilliant, Mr. McCarthy's novel † is written with so light a touch that it almost seems to be taking it too seriously to call it a thoughtful story; yet it is eminently a thoughtful study of character: of a man 'one part genius, one part imposture, one part a self-delusion amounting almost to insanity; destitute of imagination though a dreamer, and possessing, as almost the only quality to support his immense personal claims, a really exquisite tact; a man belonging to the class of whom George Eliot wrote: 'There are men who only need to say "I am a buffalo," in a certain tone of quiet confidence, to have their claims allowed.' The influence of such men

will perhaps forever remain a mystery, but while such persons as Brigham Young are able to inspire followers sincere and honest where they themselves are conscious impostors, and to exert an influence which only grows more powerful after their death it can hardly be accepted as the test of any cause or creed that it has been believed by so many or by such excellent people, or that its influence has been so permanent. Mr. McCarthy has treated this question of 'personal magnetism' with great skill, and (apparently) merely as an observer without theories to which he had adapted the situation. The book, while dealing with much the same theme as 'His Majesty, Myself,' is more entertaining, being a 'society novel,' full of wit and humor, aside from an earnestness which is none the less convincing for not seeming to be a conscious effort of the author.

'BECAUSE, you know, I must have a book that I can lay down,' explained the Lieutenant-Commander who never went to sea without a copy of 'Lorna Doone.' It is no small compliment to an author to say that his long paragraphs are better than his short ones; but whoever 'skips' a sentence of either in any of Blackmore's novels will certainly regret it. Nothing so good as 'Christowell' \*—with the peculiar goodness of Blackmore—as has appeared since 'Lorna Doone.' Whoever begins with the description of the greenhouse and its gardener in the opening chapter will read the story to the end. But it will be no discredit to the reader or the book if, like the Lieutenant-Commander, he lays it down several times before he finishes it, to digest at leisure the good things he is enjoying.

#### Educational Works.

THE Messrs. Barnes published in 1877 'The Battles of the Revolution,' by Colonel Carrington—the best military history of that time that has been written. There is just so much of the general history of the period given as to show the progress of the Revolution, the events that influenced its progress, and the importance and consequences of each battle. But its value lies in its purely military character, the clear and soldierly report of the topography, manœuvres, and general conduct of each action, and its influence upon the final result. The attention of the reader is not exhausted by minute details, not of much consequence even then, and not of the least consequence now, after the lapse of a hundred years. But all that even a military reader wants to see he is shown clearly, while the unprofessional reader finds the story brief enough and free enough from technicalities to interest him. We allude to that volume because the excellent maps and plans which illustrate it are repeated in the smaller one now published. † Each plate is accompanied by brief notes, which explain the battle represented, in place of the detailed narrative of the larger work. To the reader of any general history of the revolution, these maps and charts will be of great use for explanatory reference. As one who wants a thorough military report of the revolutionary battles may find it in the larger volume, so one who cares only for their character in a general way will find it all in this smaller one. That part of the history of the republic is not likely to be told again by one who, as a military man, thoroughly understands what he is talking about, and as a writer is not at all wanting in literary skill. Or if it, or any part of it, shall be again told, it will be a work of supererogation, if nothing worse.

DR. PLUMPTRE is a gentleman of culture and versatility, a theological professor, and writer of commentaries, a vicar, a prebendary, and we are now reminded that he is a translator of Greek tragedies. ‡ It is several years since he first put the great dramatists of Athens into English dress, and it was really so well done that their reappearance can be honestly welcomed. Not that Dr. Plumptre—among his various gifts—is a poet of the first order, nor that he is, on the other hand, a thorough critic. He belongs to that pleasant and useful class of scholars who are willing to take some things at second hand, and decide some questions without exhaustive discussion, to whom literary work is a recreation, and who cheerily give the best that is in them; they do not write for faultfinders and are undismayed in their presence. The cultivated men and women among whom Dr. Plumptre doubtless looks for his readers will find in his translations a good deal of skill. He is careful, accurate, appreciative of the original. It cannot be denied that he is sometimes prosaic; even in the rhymed choruses; which he appends to the volumes as an offset to the blank verse adopted in the body of the work, he does not always soar; but his renderings are always respectable, often excellent, and occasion-

\* Christowell. By R. D. Blackmore. 30 cts. (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Battle-Maps and Charts of the American Revolution; with Explanatory Notes and School History References. By Henry B. Carrington, M.A., LL.D., Col. U. S. A. \$1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

‡ The Tragedies of Sophocles. The Tragedies of Æschylus. New translations, with Biographical Essays. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D. Each \$1.50. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

\* The Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi. By J. Theodore Bent, B.A., Oxon. (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Ivy: Cousin and Bride. By Percy Greg. 30 cts. (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ The Comet of a Season. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. 30 cents. (Franklin Square Library). New York: Harper & Brothers.

ally deserving of still higher praise, as in the tremendous lines of the Eumenides, beginning:

Ah! Ah! ye younger Gods!  
Ye have ridden down the laws of ancient days,  
And robbed me of my prey.

The brief lives prefixed to the translations add greatly to their value. They are so written as to set the reader as far as possible amid the scenes and the currents of Athenian life in the 5th century, B.C., and give him an intelligent interest in the plays.

AN Appendix\* is just issued to 'Initia Graeca, Part I,' which was noticed in these columns a few weeks ago. As its title page shows, it forms a kind of a bridge between Part I. and Part II. One does not see the need of this bridge, or why the materials composing it might not better have been attached directly to the parts to which they respectively belong.

THE 'Protagoras' of Plato† deserves to be much more familiar to educated people than it is, in this country at least, and Professor Drisler deserves hearty thanks for including it in 'Harper's Classical Series,' of which he has the supervision. Dr. Sihler appears to have done the work of annotation with accuracy and sufficient fulness, and the little volume can be warmly recommended to schools and colleges.

THIS‡ is an admirable, scholarly translation of the calm old Stoic who still has something to say to the world—something, in particular, to those who would dwell on the serene heights of philosophy. The translator has preserved the fresh, crisp, compact spirit of the original, and gives us the true tones of the Greek. It is presented in a handsome pocket volume of exquisite taste and workmanship, and at the time of the year when we are forming good resolutions. Though we might go astray if we accepted all that the old heathen philosopher offers, yet we shall find in him ideas of great pith and moment, many of which have already become worthily imbedded in Christian doctrine.

THE aim of this volume§ is a good one—to bring into compact form and space, in good English dress, enough of the choice pieces of classical literature to give the unclassical reader a fair taste of the ancients. The translations are from accepted authors, and the choice of pieces is generally good. The extracts are sufficiently full to present a complete picture of some topic or episode in the composition from which they are taken, and they cover the whole range of Greek and Roman literature. The notes are not always reliable, as, for instance, where Demosthenes the general is made the father of Demosthenes the orator, who was the son of a rich cutter and cabinet-maker, and was born at least thirty-one years after the death of the general.

THERE is much to be learned in this little book|| about the methods of education. The writer takes up the history of pedagogical systems with the Greeks and pursues it through Rome and France into England. The music and gymnastic theories of Plato, the oratorical addition by the Romans, the minute system of Quintilian, the humanistic education of the early Christian fathers who grafted Christianity upon the pagan methods, the realists and naturalists, Roger Ascham and John Milton, Locke, Rabelais, Rousseau and Pestalozzi, Kant, Fichte and Herbart, and lastly the English common-school—all these get their deserts. With an abounding fulness of matter and dryness of style, if we keep our patience with the latter we may easily get enriched by the former. The history is well studied, minutely unfolded, and so is certainly instructive.

#### Minor Notices.

How much of Mr. Knox's book¶ is the result of his own experience, and how much he has gleaned from the countless books of travel in the East which teem in every library, is a matter we shall not take upon ourselves to decide. The volume is very handsomely presented, and contains a great variety of accurate information about the people and the customs of some parts of India. As the object in publishing the work is evidently to provide for the young a book at once instructive and attractive, at a very moderate cost, we must not quarrel with the fact that the illustrations are almost all taken from Rousselet's 'Les Indes et les Rajas,' published in Paris about eight years ago, and reproduced, in English, in this country. Mr. Knox has certainly been somewhat free in his use of Rousselet's engravings. One of the great Bhegums whose portrait appears in the French work, decorated

with the order of the Star of India, figures in Mr. Knox's book as the spouse of Shah Jehan, for whom the Taj Mehal was built at Agra, hundreds of years before the order of the Star of India was thought of. The drawings are, however, so true to nature, especially those which represent native costumes and scenes of Indian life, that there is every reason for their being used in a work of this kind. The most interesting parts of the book are those descriptive of Burmah and Ceylon. Mandalay, the residence of the golden-footed king, has of late become too unsafe for European tourists to venture there, nor is it likely that the English will regain the position in their relations with non-British Burmah that they held before the disturbances of 1879-80. As for Ceylon, it is at present undergoing a kind of spiritual renaissance by the revival of interest in the Buddhist faith, and the energy thus developed has re-acted on the agriculture of the country. Numerous Englishmen and several Americans have of late years purchased coffee estates there, and this production is reported as being quite as prosperous in Ceylon as the more extensive tea plantations in the north of India. It is a pity that in a book of this kind the writer (or, to speak more correctly, the compiler), should have so entirely passed over the subject of the Indian religions. In these days we want our children to learn not only how people of distant countries look and what they wear, but also in some measure what they think and what they believe. It no longer suffices us to know what people do; the tendency of our age is to ask why they do it. Mr. Knox has put together a book which will undoubtedly give a great deal of pleasure to the many boys and girls who will read in it of strange and unknown facts; but could he not have gone a step further and given them a few ideas, from the inexhaustible wealth of Eastern wisdom?

IN THESE days of advanced æstheticism, with a sickly Erato as presiding muse, it is with a sense of relief and refreshment that we turn to any of the so-called 'old-fashioned' schools of poetry. The unwholesome subtleties and flush euphuism provided in some late poetical symposia, dispose us more than ever to set a high premium upon explicit ideas, normal emotions, a sweet and sound morality, and good common-sense, in verse, as well as in other departments of literature. For these, we can well afford to spare a great deal of musical alliteration and of tropical imagery.—In the volume of Poems\* by Anne C. L. Botta, we meet with no obscurity of treatment, no ethical ambiguity. The twenty sonnets and other brief lyrics, comprised in this book, are all characterized by a winning purity and serenity of feeling, and by a lucid grace of expression. The earlier poems here collected, in addition to their intrinsic merit, are possessed of a certain reminiscent interest, as many will identify the author with Anne C. Lynch—a name well-known in the literature of the Poe and Willis period. Among these earlier poems we are pleased to meet the fine, reverential lines entitled 'In the Library,' which have found place in nearly every collection of American poets. 'Bones in the Desert' is impressively pictorial, and might well offer suggestion to an artist. Here, too, is a graceful translation of De Vigny's *debonair* song, 'Come on the Sea.' But the reader's interest, we believe, will centre upon the sonnets. While these do not strictly follow the rules of sonnetary construction, the characterizing motive of the sonnet is well-preserved. Each contains, one might say, some vital article of the poet's faith, tersely and completely expressed. 'Charity,' 'Largess,' and 'Accordance' are brief poetic homilies. The appeal is made from a high ground, but happily this side the mountain mists of transcendentalism, so that the tone and the words fall with no uncertainty upon the inner ear. It is only in 'Vita Nuova' (first printed in *Scribner's Monthly*), that we trace a delicate thread of mysticism, such, perhaps, as runs through the work of the old Italian sonneteers.

WE CAN say nothing good of 'The Shakspearean Myth.† It is an attempt to prove that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare's plays, and this thankless task has been better done before. Heminge and Condell having said that what Shakspeare thought he wrote with such easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers, Mr. Morgan's sole argument appears to be that Shakspeare was able to leave behind him these immaculate manuscripts simply because he copied them. There is nothing else new in the volume except a good many errors. The author has read a few books and very illy digested them. He confounds (p. 79) the fire of London, which is supposed to have consumed a large portion of the edition of the Third Folio, with the fire in the Globe Theatre, which destroyed Shakspeare's manuscripts. He speaks of an edition of Shakspeare's plays in 1690. There was no such edition in that year. There was an edition of his poems in 1640, containing the portrait by Marshall, to which Mr. Morgan alludes; and here we might say that for cool literary impudence and effrontery Mr. Morgan's whistling down the wind Shakspeare's poems—'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and the Sonnets—is unsurpassed. He betrays ignorance of the Shakspearean stage by speaking of scene-shifters and stage-carpenters (p. 117). He is densely befogged in regard to the Stationers' Company and the pur-

\* Appendix to Initia Graeca, Part I. With an Introduction to Initia Graeca, Part II. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† The Protagoras of Plato. With an Introduction and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By E. G. Sihler, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ The Eucheiridion of Epictetus. Translated from the Greek. With preface and notes. By T. W. H. Rolleston, M.A., T.C.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

§ Half-Hours with Greek and Roman Authors. From various English Translations. With Biographical Notices. By E. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnstone. 3s. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

|| Introduction to the History of Educational Theories. By Oscar Browning, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

¶ The Boy Travellers in the Far East. Part III. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. 3s. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* Poems. By Anne C. L. Botta. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† The Shakspearean Myth. By J. Appleton Morgan. 2s. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.



pose of their 'Registers.' He refers (p. 66) to Whateley's 'Historic Doubts' as though he alone of all the critics had read that brochure. And yet, despite his assurance, unless we are greatly mistaken, he has quite misstated the purpose of the 'Doubts,' which hinges on the credibility of testimony. On page 213 he says that in the age of Elizabeth there were no books purchaseable! He refers at least three times to Shedding, when he means Spedding. With all his faults of statement his style is abominably coarse. For example, he refers on page 127 to 'the drunken grave of the Stratford pretender.' We feel that we must apologize to our readers for having occupied so much space with so worthless a book—the worthlessness of which is hardly exceeded by the worthlessness of the 'Macaronic Poetry,' put forth by the same book-maker about ten years ago.

IT MAY be a matter of opinion whether a historic name is not unduly distorted when translated into another tongue. If we were to follow Mr. Dole's example generally, and translate every difficult name into English, what a curious look history would have to those who had learned it before this innovation was made. One is apt, to be sure, to hear, occasionally, silly protests from half-cultivated editors against names which have an un-English look; yet it never occurred to any of them when the Norwegian poet Björnsterne Björnson visited us last year to call him Bear Star, Son of the Bear, which is an exact translation of his name. But it is something equivalent to this which Mr. Dole has done in rendering Jaroslaw as Fiery Fame, Sviatoslaw as Holy Fame, etc., etc. Consistency would seem to require that he should also call Vladimir Lord of the World. The story of the Russian people, as related by Mr. Dole, is as entertaining as any romance.\* The author has drawn liberally from the best French, German, and Russian sources, and has arranged his heterogeneous material with good judgment and a due sense of proportion. His style is neither redundant nor barren, but sufficiently vivid, and well adapted to the comprehension of young people. We may disagree with him in his favorable, or at least lenient, opinion of the Romanoffs, but opinions, even though well supported by facts, are in questions of history fairly debatable ground. As a minor correction we suggest that the promiscuous use of 'Norseman,' 'Norman' and 'Northman' be avoided in future editions. According to established usage, the name Norman applies only to that band of Norsemen who under Duke Rollo conquered Normandy, and to their descendants who nearly two centuries later invaded England. It may also be worth noting that St. Olaf, the King of Norway, who was the guest of Jaroslaw, had only one son, Magnus the Good, and not, as stated on page 81, two. His other child, Ulfhild, was a daughter. The illustrations are good and add much to the interest of the text.

THE extended and deep interest in home decoration of all kinds is not unnaturally tending strongly to the development of improved taste and judgment in ornamenting the lawn. A primer like the book before us,† on the treatment of home grounds, undertakes to supply a much-felt and ill-supplied need. In examining this work, however, we find its value (which for general statements of the principles of landscape gardening is considerable) seriously impaired by errors on practical points. For instance, the Birch is not liable to sucker badly; the Southern Cypress does thrive north of New York; the Sugar Maple is an excellent lawn tree, and better than the Silver Maple; the Sycamore and Plane, or Button-Ball-Tree are identical; the large species and varieties of Silver Firs make, in many cases, our grandest and most effective lawn trees; one of the Snow-balls ranks first among deciduous shrubs; the trailing Arbutus and prostrate Juniper are not 'vines' in any sense. And as to the directions for transplanting, we would suggest that special rules for moving specimens thirty feet high are hardly fitted for small shrubs and trees which are alone worth the trouble and risk of removal. When, moreover, did any practical lawn-planter find by experience that pruning—intelligent pruning—was injurious to a tree that was about to be transplanted, in spite of the strained analogy of the author about removing a person's lungs?

MRS. WISTER'S taste, both in the matter and the manner of her translations, is always to be trusted, and 'Severa'‡ is one of the best she has given us since 'The Second Wife.' She was one of the first translators to prove that a translation need not be literal to be faithful; yet we cannot help feeling that she must have infused a little more American vivacity than usual into 'Severa.' Our own recollections of German tea-parties—pleasant as they are—do not suggest the *repartee* and graceful banter here ascribed to them; and our remembrance of the amiable Gretchens of a German boarding-school does not include any such vivacious little being as Fräulein Olga.

THE name 'My Wife and My Wife's Sister'§ is unfortunate; for it suggests something 'funny'; and, moreover, it misleads one, as it

\* Young Folks' History of Russia. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

† Home Grounds. By Alex. Oakley. 60 cts. (Appletons' Home Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ Severa. From the German, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

§ My Wife and My Wife's Sister. \$1.00. (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

is the wife who is the sister and the sister who is the wife, a problem which we leave readers of the book to solve for themselves. The story is interesting and vividly told. Convict experiences have had a fascination for novelists as great as Victor Hugo and Dickens, and in the present story, adventures which perhaps are not impossible, and which certainly are thrilling, are combined with much of the chivalric and attractive quality which the creators of fictitious convicts never fail to ascribe to them.

MR. WARNER writes of the American newspaper\* as one having authority. As editor of the *Hartford Courant*, one of the leading journals of New England, he has acquired perfect familiarity with the technicalities of journalism; and the philosophical humor in which he treats the subject will save his essay from becoming obsolete for many years. We heartily commend it to editors, reporters, and correspondents throughout the land, in the conviction that if it be universally read the tone of the American press will inevitably be raised, even if, as Mr. Warner maintains, the tone of each paper is already higher than that of the community in which it lives.

#### Theological Literature.

WE are not sure that we understand why Mr. Sewall calls his pamphlet 'The New Ethics.'† The principle of 'use,' in the sense of self-sacrificing service, of which he makes so much—however far removed from ordinary practice—is at least as old as Christianity, and we sympathize heartily with the author in his desire that it may become implanted in the hearts of all men. But if he means, as in many passages he seems to mean, that service to one's fellow-men is the sole object of moral living, and at the same time that moral living needs no other basis than this watchword, his view is opposed to reason and to history. There are personal obligations to a supreme law and Law-giver which are not identical with the claim of any human being, and even if service to men did exhaust morality, the principle of use could not secure its own permanence. There are times when the welfare of another, or even of the public, might be thought to demand a course at variance with the dictates of eternal right; there are other times when selfishness is clamorous, and men—violently or coolly—deny the claims of their brother-men. To enlighten us in the blinding confusion of moral struggles, to hold us when passion tries to dominate the life, we need a quality deeper and more controlling than even self-sacrifice, and that quality is obedience.

IT is of course only to those who have not read the four essays now republished from the *North American Review*‡ that one needs to say that they are all from one hand; and not a few will venture to think they recognize the hand. The conquest of the Yankee Farmer over his antagonists is therefore a foregone conclusion. While, however, the writer has naturally not cast over the views of these antagonists the glamor of skilful and earnest sympathy, and has not dwelt on the beauty and grace and nobility which may still hang about a life whose avowed beliefs are very meagre, it cannot be said that he has misrepresented any important position. His purpose was to show the logical weaknesses of the views combated by setting them, in their baldness, over against the intuitive convictions of men; and this he has done quite vigorously.

IT is the interest of the subject which gives value to Mr. Hood's life of Robert Hall.§ for it is by no means a model biography. It is loose in style, and often badly ordered—as if written by one who preached a great deal extempore. It lacks definition. Even as a popular biography, a far keener insight and closer analysis is necessary to give any just conception of the character and powers of so extraordinary a man. It does not help us to be told by Mr. Hood, in his closing sentence, that 'We are compelled to part company from this great and imposing shade, with the sentiment that very few in these later days have approached nearer to human perfection than ROBERT HALL.'

DR. TAYLOR'S Sunday evening sermons on Bible characters are well known in New York, and the volumes containing them have found a still wider audience than gathers weekly in his spacious church. The course on the life of Paul|| is marked, like its predecessors, by careful study, a well-rounded presentation of topics, a vigorous English style, and forcible appeals, which are never protracted to weariness. Dr. Taylor is so manly, and at the same time so appreciative and so practically wise, that his sermons have power even without the living voice. The book contains a number of engravings and small maps.

\* The American Newspaper; an Essay. By Charles Dudley Warner. 25 cts. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

† The New Ethics. An Essay on the Moral Law of Use. By Frank Sewall. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ The Conflicts of the Age. 1. An Advertisement for a New Religion. By an Evolutionist. 2. The Confession of an Agnostic. By an Agnostic. 3. What Morality have we Left? By a New Light Moralist. 4. Review of the Fight. By a Yankee Farmer. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

§ Robert Hall. By the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. 75 cts. (Heroes of Christian History.) New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

|| Paul the Missionary. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## The Critic

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WITH the present number, THE CRITIC enters upon its second year and volume. Readers who desire to subscribe should do so now, and expired subscriptions should be renewed at once. Bound copies of Volume I. may be had for \$3.

"As a careful record of the literature, the art, the music and the drama of 1881, THE CRITIC is worthy of careful preservation."—MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"We are glad to be able to bear our tribute to the excellent manner in which THE CRITIC is conducted. It is not quite so old as the present year; and it has already established its reputation as the first literary journal in America. We say this advisedly. . . . Its specialty is short reviews, and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed."—LONDON ACADEMY.

"THE CRITIC completes its first year with the number for Dec. 31, and records the fact without self-laudation, although with the claim that it is 'the only paper of its kind in America.' This is true by virtue of the attention it gives to painting, music and the drama; simply as a literary journal, it has, of course, rivals; but it might justly call itself the best paper of its kind in America in that respect."—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

THE present year promises to be a prosperous and busy one in the book-world. Its activity will have to be great indeed, however, to surpass that of the year just closed—a year which yielded an exceptionally rich harvest in the field of biographical and memorial literature.

WE doubt if there are any persons in America who take Mr. Oscar Wilde's present venture seriously. If there be such, they should be told that he is a young gentleman of excellent parentage, liberal education, and good parts, who is willing to accept the financial rewards of an absurd notoriety rather than of a legitimate reputation; who is traveling in this country under the management of the same agent that runs the comic opera in which he is supposed to be burlesqued; and who may be said to successfully 'represent' nothing under the heavens save an exceedingly thrifty egotism. Is it not preposterous that such a man should go anywhere—even to the jungles of South Africa—to preach a gospel of 'good taste'?

Now that Mr. Frelinghuysen has succeeded Mr. Blaine in the State Department, let us hope that new impetus will be given to the movement to secure an international copyright. From what we know of the new Secretary, we should say that the matter will be treated—so far as it will be treated at all by him—from a statesmanlike point of view. He may find it necessary, however, to make concessions which he is not disposed to make, and to accept, if not to suggest, compromises which ought not really to be entertained. What we would like to see is the vesting of the copyright of his works, absolutely, in every author, and his protection in that right not only in his own but in every land—either by the enactment of new statutes, or else by the abrogation of all statutes, and a return to the security which would be afforded by common law. We cannot see why Mr. Longfellow's heirs in the Twentieth Century should not profit by the continued popularity of 'Hiawatha,' in precisely the same way as Mr. Astor's descendants profit now by the renewed leases of his property. We can see no sufficient reason why the grandchild to whom Mr. Tennyson dedicated his latest volume should not be benefited a generation hence by the sale of that volume in San Francisco or St. Petersburg. We do not know why Mr. Bryant, in his old age, should have been indebted more to 'courtesy' than to law for the enjoyment of financial returns from his earlier writings. When

the privilege of copyrighting an English book in America is granted to the Englishman who shall reprint and republish it here within a stated period, something will have been done to secure the author beyond the sea in a right that should never have been questioned. Viewing this privilege from the standpoint of the American publisher, we might say that a great deal had been conceded. Viewing it from the position of the English writer, we would be glad that such a concession had been made. But we are mistaken if the political economist would not regard it as a very inadequate admission of the author's right and the publisher's obligation. The question is not one of expediency, and the sooner that element is eliminated from the discussion, the sooner a satisfactory decision will be reached. The American industry that least requires governmental 'fostering,' is the making of books. Less and less every year need we apprehend danger from British competition in this field; and it is an astonishing thing that American publishers should be willing (some are certainly not willing) to force a protective policy upon England in the matter of the manufacturing of books.

### A November Child.

J. E. D.—1878.

NOVEMBER winds blow mild  
On this new-born child!  
Spirit of the autumn wood  
Make her gentle, make her good;  
Still attend her  
And befriend her;  
Fill her days with warmth and color;  
Keep her safe from winter's dolor!  
On thy bosom  
Hide this blossom,  
Safe from summer's rain and thunder.  
When those eyes of light and wonder  
Tire at last of earthly places—  
Full of years and full of graces,  
Then, O then,  
Take her back to heaven again!

R. W. G.

### Kristofer Janson and the Norse Lutheran Synod.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

KRISTOFER JANSON, one of the four Norwegian authors who have enjoyed as a public recognition of their services a poet's salary from Parliament, has recently come to this country, and has been ordained as a Unitarian minister. Mr. Janson's early training, after the completion of the preliminary university course, was chiefly theological, as he then intended to take orders as a Lutheran. But his heterodoxy soon cut him off from this career, and his growing liberalism has at last brought him into complete sympathy with the Unitarian Church. His reputation as an author is founded upon a long series of tales from peasant life, of which 'From the Parishes'—including the tales 'Liv' and 'Per eg Berggit'—is the best. His other works are 'Maarit Skjölte,' 'Han aa Ho' (novels), 'Fraa Dansketidi' (an historical romance), 'Jon Arason' (an historical drama), 'Norske Digt' (poems), and 'Den Bergtekne' (translated into English under the title of 'The Spell-bound Fiddler'). All these books were originally written in the peasant dialect, which is closely akin to the old Norse or Icelandic language, while the rest of the Norwegian literature is written in Danish, which is also the vernacular of all cultivated Norwegians. Mr. Janson wished to bridge the unfortunate gulf which existed between the peasants, who are the real strength of the Norse nation, and the so-called aristocracy of culture, which includes the government officials and the merchants of the larger cities. With noble self-sacrifice he has devoted his life and fortune to this cause; establishing a school for the instruction of peasant lads and girls, and laboring in a hundred ways to rouse the people to a consciousness of their national and individual worth. In this he



has partly succeeded and partly failed. But fresh hands have taken up the work and it will not be abandoned. Nor is his removal to this country in any wise a desertion of the cause. He wishes merely to transfer his labor to a new field, working in the same spirit as before among his Scandinavian countrymen in the Northwest. These number, at present, counting their immediate descendants, about 600,000; and they are sorely in need of the liberalizing influence of just such a man as Mr. Janson, having been too long shut off from intellectual contact with the Nineteenth Century by their 'evangelical' Norse Lutheran Synod. It speaks very poorly, in fact, for the culture and the intellectual status of the Norwegians that they have allowed themselves to be ruled so long by a corporation which would find its proper place in a museum of antiquarian remains. It is the soul-paralyzing tyranny of this body of clergymen that Janson is endeavoring to break, apparently with encouraging success. He is an eloquent and forcible speaker, and has a great future before him in the field which he has chosen.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1882.

H. H. BOYSEN.

#### Modern Æsops.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

On Sunday last I read in the *Tribune* a clipping from the London *Echo*, in which six clever fables are quoted from a new book and ascribed to Mr. Bret Harte. In a card in Monday's *Tribune* Mr. G. T. Lanigan claims for himself the authorship of these fables, and accuses Mr. Harte of 'literary piracy.' 'Of the five fables given,' says Mr. Lanigan, 'four have been stolen *verbatim et literatim* from my volumes, "Out of the World," published five years ago.' In the first place, six fables instead of five are given in the *Tribune*; and, unless I am mistaken, there was but one volume of 'Out of the World.' In Mr. Lanigan's book, which is dated 1878, I find the six fables, but they have not been reproduced *verbatim et literatim*. I also find in the 'Bric-à-Brac' of *Scribner's Monthly*, for May, 1875, the fable of 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' and some others which are not in Mr. Lanigan's book, with this introduction: 'The Chicago Hospital Bazaar, published during the Homeopathic fair in the Phoenix city, contained the following, which many of our readers may have missed seeing: "The Improved Æsop, for Intelligent Modern Children. By Bret Harte."' Here, it will be observed, is a difference of two years in Mr. Harte's favor, for which Mr. Lanigan should account.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11, 1882.

F. F. W.

#### Science

##### Worms as Earthmakers.\*

THE common earth-worm comes within the cognizance of the ordinary observer chiefly as a useful bait to be impaled on a hook and thus used for attracting fish for the sport of the angler. The juvenile representatives of the brotherhood of the rod have generally learned to recognize the whereabouts of their victim by conglomerations of little pellets of earth here and there; and knowing ones are wont to cautiously explore localities so indicated with lantern at night or in the early morning, and there find the worms partly or entirely outside their holes. Few of the many who have learned thus much of the animal in question have ever thought of the important functions in the economy of nature performed by the humble being. Even as far back as 1837, however, Mr. Darwin had appreciated the rôle that it plays and communicated to the Geological Society of London a special memoir 'On the Formation of Mould' by worms. Considerable scepticism was evoked respecting his conclusions, so insignificant did the means appear to the end, but the author has now supplemented his numerous works by a special monograph on the subject, and has fortified and amplified his early studies and conclusions. As Darwin says, some observant 'farmers are aware that objects of all kinds left on the surface of pasture land after a time disappear, or, as they say, work themselves downward.' This disappearance is of course due to no automatic process of the objects sinking down, but really to the cumulative effect of worms' castings. The doubt such a statement may excite will be dissipated by a knowledge of what a worm can do in a given period, and the multiplication of that amount by number and time.

Hensen, in experiments made on worms in confinement and fed on leaves, found that they ejected about eight grains of earth

a day; but, according to Darwin, 'a very much larger amount must be ejected by worms in their natural state, at the periods when they consume earth as food instead of leaves, and when they are making deep burrows.' In corroboration of this opinion, Darwin has tabulated the results of numerous observations on the 'weight of the castings accumulated at the mouth of a single burrow.' Before weighing 'the castings were dried (excepting in one specified instance) by exposure during many days to the sun or before a hot fire.' These castings for each hole 'generally exceeded an ounce in weight after being dried, and sometimes nearly equalled a quarter of a pound. On the Nilgiri mountains one casting even exceeded this latter weight. The largest castings in England were found on extremely poor pasture land; and these are generally larger than those on land producing a rich vegetation. It would appear that worms have to swallow a greater amount of earth on poor than on rich land, in order to obtain sufficient nutriment.' (P. 162.) In another place we are told that Hensen found that 'there must exist 133,000 living worms in a hectare of land, or 53,767 in an acre. This latter number of worms would weigh 356 pounds, taking Hensen's standard of the weight of a single worm, namely, one gram. It should, however, be noted, says Mr. Darwin, 'that this calculation is founded on the numbers found in a garden, and Hensen believes that worms are twice as numerous in gardens as in corn fields.' On the other hand recent observations demonstrate that worms may occur in even much greater numbers than were found by Hensen.

A little calculation will convince the most sceptical that worms with the habits thus indicated and in the numbers known to occur must in time produce great effects. Mr. Darwin has been observing their habits and doings for many years. 'Near Maer Hall in Staffordshire, quick-lime had been spread, about the year 1827, thickly over a field of good pasture-land which had not since been ploughed. Some square holes were dug in this field in the beginning of October 1837; and the sections showed a layer of turf formed by the matted roots of the grasses,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in thickness, beneath which, at a depth of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches (or 3 inches from the surface), a layer of the lime in powder or in small lumps could be distinctly seen running all round the vertical sides of the holes.' (P. 130.) Again, a quantity of broken chalk was spread on December 20th, 1842, over a part of a field near Darwin's house. 'The chalk was laid on the land for the sake of observing at some future period to what depth it would become buried. At the end of November 1871—that is, after an interval of 29 years—a trench was dug across this part of the field; and a line of white nodules could be traced at a depth of 7 inches from the surface. The mould, therefore (exclusive of the turf), had been thrown up at an average rate of .22 inch per year.' (P. 139.) In view of such operations we can readily account for the burial of ancient cities and towns, and a number of cases in point are cited in a special chapter on 'the part which worms have played in the burial of ancient buildings.' The subsidence of pavements, the burial of Roman villas at Abinger, Chedworth, Brading, and elsewhere, the entombment of the Roman towns of Silchester, Wroxeter, etc., are shown to be mainly due to the action of worms. We can readily comprehend, therefore, how it is that the more ancient cities which once flourished in Asia and the older seats of civilization have been covered to such a depth as to have been entirely concealed, even without taking into consideration the accumulation of dust.

But we have already lingered too long over Mr. Darwin's interesting and suggestive treatise. For information on the habits of worms and the other effects which they produce in the configuration of the surface of the earth, as well as for much other incidental information, we must refer to the volume itself. That it is well written and well worth reading Darwin's name implies.

#### Scientific Notes.

'A SMALL Telescope, and What to See With It,' is the title of an article by Prof. Simon Newcomb, which will appear in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., announce 'Fifty Years of Science,' being the presidential address delivered by Sir John Lubbock at the semi-centennial meeting of the British Association, in 1881.

Judge J. B. Stallo's 'The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics' is the latest volume in Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s 'International Scientific Series.' The Messrs. Appletons' scientific list includes 'The Chemistry of the Hydrocarbons and their Derivatives,' by

\* The Formation of Vegetable Mould, Through the Action of Worms; with Observations on their Habits. By Charles Darwin. With illustrations. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professors H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer; Adolph Strecker's 'Short Text-Book of Organic Chemistry,' by Dr. Johannes Wislicenus, translated and edited with extensive additions by W. H. Hodgkinson, Ph.D., and A. J. Greenaway, F.I.C.; and a volume on 'Physical Education; or, the Health Laws of Nature,' by Felix L. Oswald, M.D.

A memorial to Sir Francis Drake, in 'celebration of the tercentenary of his circumnavigation of the globe, and other eminent national services,' is to be erected at Plymouth, England. Appeal is made by the mayor of that city and a committee 'to the English-speaking race throughout the world' to forward the placing of this monument on Plymouth Hoe.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a western writer, has written a volume called 'Atlantis: the Antediluvian World,' which the Messrs. Harper have in press. It is said to be an attempt to link together the results of the recent deep-sea soundings made by the English ship 'Challenger,' and the American vessel 'The Dolphin,' in their explorations of the bottom of the Atlantic.

As far as known the most luxuriant growth which any plant enjoys is manifested in a species which has been discovered in western Sumatra by the Italian traveller Beccari. This species is a representative of the family of Aroidae (many of whose species are well known on account of their tubers), and has been named *Amorphallus Titanum*. The tuber under ground has a circumference of about five feet, and thence springs a stem simple to the height of some ten feet, which then subdivides into three branches each as thick as a man's thigh. The tips of the enormous ramified leaf extend over a circumference of some forty-five feet. The flowers are developed on a corresponding scale.

It will be generally remembered that an attempt was made to ascertain by electrical apparatus the whereabouts of the bullet in the late President's body, but with unsuccessful result. Prof. Bell has since applied himself to the perfecting of an instrument for determining the position of a bullet, or other projectile, in the body, and thinks a certain diagnosis may be made by his new contrivance. He has communicated a description of this to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and in the *Comptes Rendus* of that body an abstract thereof is published, and has just been translated for the American *Journal of Science*. In brief, the instrument consists of two parallel flat coils (one of thick, the other of thin wire), partially superposed upon one another, so that the edge of one is nearly over the axis of the other. A vibratory current from a galvanic battery traverses the primary coil, and the secondary circuit includes an ordinary telephone. For details and mode of using, we must refer to Mr. Bell's paper.

Prof. Loomis has selected observations on the mean annual rainfall made at 713 stations, in various parts of the world, and arranged them in groups according to the amount of annual precipitation. The first group embraces fourteen stations (chiefly in India and neighboring countries), being all the cases he had found in which the annual rain-fall exceeded 200 inches. By far the greatest amount of rainfall was at Cherapungi, in Assam, which is on the Khasi hills, 4125 feet above the sea, and about 200 miles north of Chittagong. Nearly 500 (492.45) inches (41 feet) have annually fallen during at least sixteen years. The greatest fall occurs in July, the amount in that month being 133.54 inches, or more than three times the total annual precipitation at New York (43.24). About 95 per cent. of the annual-average falls in the six months from April to September. As the results of his studies, Prof. Loomis infers that the chief causes of excessive rainfall are: 1, the meeting of the north-east and south-east trade winds; 2, the irregular barometric depressions of the middle latitudes; 3, mountain ranges sloping against the prevalent winds; 4, proximity to the ocean with winds therefrom; and 5, headlands projecting into the ocean. Conversely, opposite conditions result in deficient rainfall.

A census of the species of birds occurring north of the Mexican boundary line has recently been taken, which may be compared with the enumeration in Prof. Baird's well known catalogue published in 1859. The new list of species has been compiled by Mr. Robert Ridgway. It appears therefrom that the number of nominal species has been increased from 738 in 1859 to 768 in 1881, and the number of actual forms (that is, species and subspecies, or varieties), from 764 to 928. Inasmuch, however, as many of the forms recognized as species in 1859 have been degraded in rank or entirely eliminated from the new enumeration, the actual increase is much greater than would at first appear. In fact 230 species or races supposed to be valid have been added since 1859, while 42 then admitted have been consolidated with others, and 20 excluded as extralimital. Only 395 retain the old names, the others, for various reasons, having received other designations. In addition to the birds recognized as constituents of the native fauna of the country are others, (1) that have been introduced with a view to their naturalization, or (2) that have evidently escaped from confinement. To the former category belong four species that have been more or less naturalized—the common house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), the European tree sparrow (*Passer*

*montanus*), the sky-lark (*Alauda arvensis*), and the common European quail (*Coturnix communis*). Of the latter ten species are enumerated; but this doubtless might be considerably extended.

#### SOCIETIES.

[UNDER the above heading, all matters of interest in connection with the work of the various scientific or kindred societies which have their headquarters in this city, will, hereafter, be briefly set forth. Out-of-town societies may also be included.]

NEW YORK HISTORICAL.—At the annual meeting—held in its hall in this city, Tuesday, Jan. 3, President, Frederic de Peyster, LL.D., in the chair—the Recording Secretary announced the death of the following members since the previous meeting, Dec. 6, 1881: Henry G. Stebbins, Hon. Daniel P. Ingraham, John C. Hagen, Lewis H. Morgan, Hon. Henry E. Davies, Charles Kneeland, and the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D. Mr. Louis Marie Meschinot de Richemond, of La Rochelle, France, and the Hon. Charles S. Bradley, of Providence, R. I., were elected corresponding members; and George F. Cummings and Elmore F. Coe, resident members.—The annual reports of the Treasurer, Librarian, and the Executive Committee were then read. The Treasurer's report exhibited \$22,609.81 receipts, and \$19,034.76 expenditures during the past year. Funds of the society, \$53,050. Balance to the credit of general fund, \$3575.05; of publication fund, \$2755.32; of Jones fund, \$1203.44. The Librarian reported the addition to the library during the year of 2224 books and 1140 pamphlets, besides many valuable manuscripts, maps, engravings, etc.; and mentioned, as of especial importance to the historical student, the genealogical and heraldic library bequeathed to the society by the late Stephen Whitney Phoenix, and a third contribution by the heirs of the late George Brinley, of Hartford, of valuable works from his library relating to American history. The addition of many objects of interest to the museum, and a rearrangement of the Egyptian collection for its better display, were also reported by the Librarian. The Executive Committee reported the gratifying condition of the society's affairs, and detailed the successful prosecution of its objects during the year. The death of 39 members occurred, and 50 new members were elected. Ten meetings were held, at which twelve papers were read. Two bequests to the society during the year were reported, one by the late Edward Bill of \$5000 for the general purposes of the society, and one by the late Stephen Whitney Phoenix of \$15,000, as a fund for the increase of the library bequeathed by him.—The annual election of the society was then held, the following gentlemen being chosen as officers for the year 1882: Frederic de Peyster, President; Hamilton Fish, First Vice-President; Benjamin H. Field, Second Vice-President; John William Draper, Foreign Corresponding Secretary; Edward P. de Lancey, Domestic Corresponding Secretary; Andrew Warner, Recording Secretary; Benjamin B. Sherman, Treasurer; Jacob B. Moore, Librarian.—A bust in marble of the late William Beach Lawrence, formerly Vice-President of the society, together with the manuscript of an address on the life and character of his friend, the distinguished statesman and former President of the society, Albert Gallatin, which was in course of preparation by Mr. Lawrence at his death, was then presented to the society by Gen. J. Grant Wilson in behalf of the family of Mr. Lawrence. Gen. Wilson, in making the presentation, paid a high tribute to the memory of Mr. Lawrence, and furnished many valuable notes for his biography. The thanks of the society were returned to the family of Mr. Lawrence and to Gen. Wilson.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL.—The annual meeting took place in this city on Tuesday, January 10th. These meetings have generally been of particular interest, as the occasion on which Chief-Justice Daly, the President, delivers his lecture on the 'Geographical Work of the Year.' In the absence of Judge Daly in Europe, Mr. T. Bailey Myers, member of the Council of the Society, had engaged to deliver a lecture on 'Our Acquisition of French Territory west of the Mississippi, in 1803,' but he was prevented from doing so by illness, and at the last moment General G. W. Cullum, Vice-President, stepped in and read a paper on the 'Acropolis of Athens.' The subject of the paper was of an archaeological rather than a geographical character, and as no important discoveries have been made in Athens for many years, nothing of more timely interest was set forth than can be found in any of the numerous works on Grecian art and antiquities, and in Smith's 'Dictionary of Ancient Geography.' The lecture was illustrated with numerous stereopticon views. The following officers were elected for the year: Charles P. Daly, President; General G. W. Cullum, U. S. A., Vice-President; J. Carson Brevoort, Foreign Corresponding Secretary; George C. Ward, Treasurer; W. H. H. Moore, Isaac Bernheimer, Paul B. du Chaillu, Charles H. Baldwin, and D. O. Mills, Councillors. Messrs. H. Oelrichs, Wendell Goodwin, William Parsons, Nelson T. Easton, W. Barclay Parsons, W. D. Edwards, Granville Nicholson, Jacob F. Bamberger, E. Reinhardt, William D. Ellis, Dr. Louis F. Sass, Colonel G. L. Gillespie, U. S. A., and Dr. Montrose A. Pullen, were elected fellows. The Treasurer reported as receipts for the year, \$9446; permanent fund, \$12,352.57.



## LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* is about to remove its headquarters from Augsburg to Munich.

It is said that a Greek translation of Dante's 'Inferno' is being made by Musurus Pasha.

The first volume of the posthumous work by the Baron James de Rothschild will soon be published.

Prof. Masson drops a hint that at some future day he may publish his personal recollections of Carlyle.

Baltimore's new paper, the *Times*, has made a good start. Outwardly, it bears a strong resemblance to the New York *Sun*.

The next volumes in the English 'Men of Letters' series will be 'Charles Lamb,' by the Rev. A. Ainger, and 'Bentley,' by Prof. Jebb.

Mr. Boyesen's lectures on 'The Icelandic Saga Literature,' before the Lowell Institute, Boston, will commence on Feb. 20, and continue for three weeks.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* has just entered upon its seventieth year. There are very few older papers in America, and none more thoroughly alive.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will contribute to the March number of *Harper's Magazine* 'The Last Works of George Eliot,' with extracts from George Eliot's letters to the author.

Mr. E. P. Roe's latest novel, 'Without a Home,' is also his most successful. The publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., have already sold 29,000 copies, and are getting ready another edition.

The Philadelphia *American* proposes to print a number of articles on American authors, beginning with Horace Howard Furness, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Paul H. Hayne and Frank R. Stockton.

The February *North American* will contain the third of its series of articles on 'The Christian Religion,' Prof. Fisher of Yale having taken up the weapons unceremoniously dropped by Judge Black.

The *édition de luxe* of Fielding's Works, of which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are preparing 1000 copies for the English and 250 for the American market, will be 'handled' in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have received from Daniel G. Brinton, M.D., a pamphlet containing his address on 'The Names of the Gods in Kiche Myths, Central America,' read before the American Philosophical Society, on November 4, 1881.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has arranged with M. Quantin for the sale of the 'Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts.' The volumes which are to appear in this series will probably number one hundred. Four have already been issued.

Mark Twain has proved that international copyright cannot be secured by a fortnight's sojourn in Canada. Mrs. Burnett, Jefferson Davis, and other authors, might therefore have spared themselves the trouble of a trip to Her Majesty's dominions.

An edition of 'George Selwyn and his Contemporaries,' an exact fac-simile of the original edition of 1843 is announced by Messrs. Scribner & Welford. The work is in four volumes, illustrated with steel portraits. Like the first edition it is 'limited.'

The January number of the *Magazine of Art* will contain an article on the decoration of a yacht by Lady Brassey, author of 'A Voyage in the Sunbeam.' The Tile Club of this city might furnish a very entertaining article on the decorations of a canal boat.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. are evidently encouraged by their experiment of issuing standard copyright books at very low prices. They now announce Wood's popular 'Strange Dwellings: A Description of the Habitations of Animals,' and Major G. White-Melville's novel, 'Kate Coventry,' at sixpence each.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for early publication: 'The Cultivation of the Rose,' by H. B. Ellwanger, of Rochester (a practical florist); a new edition of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's 'Life of Isaac T. Hopper,' with a new introduction; and the sixth volume in their edition of Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies.'

Among the books announced by the Messrs. Harper as in press are: a treatise on the 'Law of Stock Brokers and Stock Exchanges,' by Mr. John R. Dos Passos; 'A Manual of Historical Literature,' by Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D.; 'Harper's Greek-English New Testament,' and 'Old Greek Education,' by J. P. Mahaffy.

Mr. Hamilton Aldé has prepared for recitation a volume of lyrics and poems, called 'Songs without Music: Rhymes and Recitations.' Mr. Aldé, who has a very pleasant reputation in England as a writer and musician, is best known in this country as the author of the words and music of that graceful song 'The Danube River.'

'A Home in Fiji'—Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming's 'new work of foreign talk and travel'—will be published in this country by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son. This firm have nearly ready a volume of lectures by Henry B. Smith, D.D., LL.D., called 'Apologetics.' Both of these volumes are announced for publication this month.

Mr. J. Brander Matthews is to edit the dramatic essays of Charles Lamb for the 'Parchment Library' of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. and the 'English Classics' of D. Appleton & Co. He will contribute a preface on Lamb's work as a dramatist and as a critic of the

drama. The volume, which will appear in the spring, will be embellished, probably, by an etching of Hogarth's portrait of Peg Woffington, now in the Garrick Club, London.

The *American Canoeist* is the title of a new monthly journal about to be published by Messrs. Arthur Brentano and H. T. Keyser. The wielders of the paddle, a growing fraternity, have heretofore been without a paper devoted to their particular interests, and it is believed they will welcome this one. The editors have been fortunate in enlisting in their service the pens of those famous canoeists and genial humorists, Mr. W. L. Alden, of the *Times*, and Mr. John Habberton, of the *Herald*.

Mr. Arthur Penn has edited and augmented a little manual of English versification, written ten or twelve years ago by the late Thomas Hood, the editor of *Punch*, and the only son of 'Tom' Hood. The English work was called 'The Rules of Rhyme.' The American book is to be published uniform with Mr. Alfred Ayres's 'Orthoepist' and 'Verbalist,' and will be called 'The Rhymester.' The dictionary of rhymes appended by Hood has been revised and enlarged.

We have received the following circular: 'I beg leave to state that the time is approaching when the American subscriptions should be closed, for the monument to Severn, the friend of Keats. Owing to the distraction of the public mind, this subscription has not, so far, equalled the expectations of its promoters. Circulars will be sent on application, and any further sum will be received and forwarded by, yours, etc., R. W. GILDER, Century Co., Union Square, New York.'

A portrait of Mr. Cable, the novelist—of whom, by the way, the first likeness published appeared in THE CRITIC of October 8—has been engraved by Cole for the *Midwinter Century*. The chief features of this number are Emerson's 'Superlatives' (an essay on literary style), Longfellow's 'Hermes Trismegistus' (a two-page poem), and the late Dean Stanley's paper on the preacher Robertson. Apparently the resources of this magazine were not exhausted upon the November number.

Mr. Edmund W. Gosse has written a graceful introduction to a collection of Norwegian folk-tales and fairy-stories recently published under the title of 'Round the Yule Log' (Sampson Low & Co.). The stories have been translated by H. L. Brækstad from the Danish of P. Chr. Asbjørnsen. Mr. Gosse gives a charming account of the long labors of Asbjørnsen and his friend, the lyric poet Jørgen Moe, now Bishop of Christiansand, in rescuing from oral tradition the folk-tales of Norway.

The February number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain, among other papers of interest: a sketch of the popular English actor, Henry Irving, 'at home,' by Joseph Hatton; 'A Clever Town Built by the Quakers'—an entertaining side-glance at Philadelphia, with its charming homes and abundant hospitality; 'The Romance of the Spanish and French Explorers,' by Professor John Fiske; 'Personal Recollections of Daniel Webster,' by Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, and the beginning of Mrs. John Lillie's 'Prudence,' a story of æsthetic London.

The second annual report of the New York Free Circulating Library, 36 Bond street, has just reached us. It shows the increased prosperity of the institution. There are now 5085 volumes in the library, and the report shows that the circulation during the year reached 69,280 volumes. Only six books out of this large number were lost, which is a better record than most libraries can show. We are pleased to see that this one, appreciating the needs of its members, has decided to open both reading-room and circulating library every Sunday from 4 P.M. to 9 P.M.

We learn from the *Academy* that Messrs. Sampson Low will publish this winter a new book by Mrs. Heckford, called 'A Lady-Trader; or Three Years in the Transvaal.' It gives an account of Mrs. Heckford's own experiences—of her nine months' residence in a loyal Africander's farmhouse, of her own farm (of which she was sole manager), of her adventures when trading in a wagon among the Boers and natives; and it ends with the siege of Pretoria and the disastrous effects of the peace. Mrs. Heckford, during these three years, lived the life of the Boers, and was on intimate and friendly relations with them.

In 'Pen Pictures of Modern Authors'—the second volume of William Shepard's series on 'The Literary Life'—will be collected a number of sketches, anecdotes, and personal reminiscences—by friends, acquaintances, or 'interviewers'—of the famous writers of the present half of the century, including David Macrae's 'A Day with Longfellow,' Henry Larkin's 'Reminiscences of Carlyle,' Justin McCarthy's 'Visit to Lowell,' Geo. Wm. Curtis's 'Reminiscences of Hawthorne,' Mrs. Oakes Smith's 'Conversations with Bryant,' Moncure D. Conway's 'Visit to Tennyson,' John Esten Cooke's 'An Hour with Thackeray,' Miss 'Pringle's' 'Recollections of Charles Dickens,' Mrs. Kinney's 'A Day with the Brownings at Pratolino,' and other gossiping papers upon Emerson, Ruskin, Holmes, George Eliot, Ouida, Swinburne, Black, Owen Meredith, Jean Ingelow, Disraeli, Bulwer, and others. The Putnams will issue the book early in February.

### Obituary Notes.

By the death of Professor John W. Draper on the 4th inst., America loses one of her most distinguished men of science. Professor Draper was born near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811. In 1833 he came to this country, and here he made his fame as a scientist. After coming to the United States he entered the University of Pennsylvania and graduated there. Professor Draper was the first to take a photograph from life and the first to take a photograph of the moon. As an author, he was remarkably voluminous, and his works have been translated into many languages. His 'Intellectual Development of Europe' and 'History of the Civil War in America' are standard works, and rank with his contributions to scientific literature. We regret to learn of the death of Richard Henry Dana, at Rome, Italy, on the 7th inst. Mr. Dana was a son of the veteran poet, and was himself born in 1815. He was a graduate of Harvard, where hard study so injured his health, that after graduating he went to sea, as a common sailor. The result of this voyage was 'Two Years Before the Mast,' one of the most popular books of its day, and still a favorite with boys of all countries. In 1840 Mr. Dana began the practice of law in Boston, where he at once became eminent. In 1841 he published 'The Seamen's Friend,' a manual of sea usages and laws, which is used both here and in England. Mr. Dana was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and his last articles were printed in *Scribner's Monthly*. At the time of his death he was engaged upon his chief work—a treatise on international law.

### The Fine Arts

#### La Farge Windows in a Private House.

THE Germanic magnificence of Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt's new house in Fifth Avenue has been much relieved by the insertion of the nine painted windows by John La Farge, which light the 'grand' staircase. These are as far as possible removed from the evidences of a cool, calculating bad taste, and a spirit of Prussian militarism, in the execution which mark the other decorations. The windows are arranged in three tiers of three lights each. The upper row contains some jolly little cupids sporting among massive festoons of fruit and leaves. Below these a single design is carried through the three windows of the second tier. In the central one a young couple in Grecian costume, and bearing themselves with antique grace and dignity, are seated on a marble bench beneath a jewelled canopy. On one side under an arbor is a kneeling figure representing Hospitality, accompanied by a little winged genius bearing the bowl for ablutions. On the other side is Prosperity with her horn of plenty. The lowest tier shows the water-front of a marble palace where, around the central seated figure of Civilization, are grouped others with the attributes of Poetry, Commerce, and the arts. Several highly decorated boats, freighted with gorgeously clad damsels, rest on the water or are moored to the marble quay. Notwithstanding the beauty of the jewelled and opalescent material, and the richness of color which is natural to it, the principal beauty of these windows is to be found in the design—in the graceful flow of the lines of leading, and the modelling of the flesh and draperies. The effects of sunlight and shadows, air and relief, which have been gained without sacrifice of decorative character, are wonderful. Another imposing work is a large screen, of a Japanese character of design, in one of the smaller rooms. This, on a background of jewelled glass, bears, in more than the splendor of their natural colors, a bank of peonies, among which a peacock displays his eyed train.

#### The Artists' Fund.

THAT the exhibitions of pictures to sell for the benefit of the Artists' Fund should have their ups and downs is not surprising, in consideration of the uninspiring nature of the occasion. The members of the Society cannot be expected to send of their best, nor even of their second-best. It is a sort of annual donation-party, at which that abstract thing, the Society, takes the place of the clergyman; and in the same manner as the thrifty farmer considers that the clergyman or some one else at the donation-fee will find the stomach which is sufficiently vigorous to accept what he himself fears to eat, so the artist is apt to look at these exhibitions through a medium strangely distorted. What he thinks pretty bad may meet some fool who will like it. But sometimes these exhibitions blossom out unexpectedly with good bits of canvas, and surprise the most hardened blasphemers. The rare occasions are the result of that peculiar weakness of men of talent, which consists in mistaking frequently what in their work is good, and what is bad. Hardly one of the members has made a mistake this year; they are thoroughly aware which canvases are their poorest, and can afford to treat with contempt those of their friends who have asserted the contrary. Exceptions there are, undoubtedly. Mr. John F. Weir sends a really good landscape, in which richness of effect is produced by a handsome mingling of deep tones with a generous use of varnish. But it is to be noted that Mr. Weir is not a New Yorker. He lives in the

dreamy atmosphere of a college town, and may be presumed to have escaped that spirit of progress which inspires so many of the other members. Possibly he knows that he is sending a good landscape to the Artists' Fund. This is a trait of rusticity that may cause some merriment to his brethren in the Society. Mr. A. C. Howland has a good bit of New England humor in a bright, realistic landscape. Mr. Douglas Volk contributes sketches that show his robust method. Mr. J. G. Brown offers by no means an inferior piece in the single figure of a bootblack balancing his brush on his chin; it is, indeed, much better painted and composed than pictures of his which are, according to the art dealers, more important because they show more figures. Most of the others require no mention.

#### The Boston Exhibition of Wood-Engravings.

AT the late exhibition of engravings on wood, at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, one hardly knew which to admire most—the interesting collection of the old masters, beginning with Dürer and including Burgmair, Cranach, Holbein, Beccafumi, Boldrini, and others, together with the interesting exhibit of color printing from the earliest specimens to the present time; or the modern proofs, representing nearly every engraver of note of our own day, and containing the most finished examples of Cole, Closson, Smithwick and others; or, again, the collection in the third room, with the publishers' exhibit of illustrated books and framed specimens of proofs from their various publications. Here were found examples of the work of the early American engravers, the pioneers of the art in this country, beginning with Alex. Anderson, the father of American wood-engraving, and coming down in historical order to the latest and most finished productions of the engravers for the popular magazines and gift-books of to-day. The verdict of the public would probably be given to the modern work, rather than to the grand old cuts after Dürer and others of the old masters, which would please artists and persons of distinctively artistic taste, but would have little interest for the reader whose delight is in the illustrations of magazines and papers. As there has been so much confusion on this point it may be well to say that the charm of this old work lies in the splendid drawing rather than the engraving, which consists principally in cutting out blank spaces and leaving the lines which are strong and vigorous standing. We might add that as far as mere cutting goes it could be done about as well by dozens of the younger men of the present time with comparative ease, its chief requisite being patience. Of Bewick there were several examples, but his best work (his birds) was not included in this exhibit, and so one missed the examples which gave him his greatest fame, and which are unparalleled as far as the engraving of the downy texture of feathers goes. This was to be regretted, as Bewick's work was really the beginning of the art of wood-engraving as practised (with various modifications) by the men of to-day, and one would have liked to see him at his best. Of others of the English school there were Nesbit, Thompson, Meason, Linton, and many more. There were also two examples of William Blake's work, loaned by Chas. E. Norton. The French collection was not very large, but was best represented by Pannemaker, Pisan, and others, whose work is well known to the public through the famous Doré illustrations. It was curious to see early drawings by Meissonier, illustrating 'Paul and Virginia.'

The comparison of the work of the early American engravers with the proofs of the modern men was a novel experiment, and one imagined with what surprise these old cutters would have looked on the beautiful proof of the 'Winifred Dysart' by Closson, or the 'Automedon' by Cole, showing capabilities of the wood block never before dreamed of. It was like renewing one's youth to see the cross-hatched copper plate style of illustration by J. G. Chapman for the once famous Harper's Bible—in its day a monument of skill, patience, and good printing. These and other specimens, among them a drawing by S. F. B. Morse, were engraved by J. A. Adams, and were presented to the museum by W. J. Linton.

The array of the publishers proved of real interest, the list being headed by the old firm of Ticknor & Fields, and including nearly every American publisher who has issued illustrated books. Here one saw the pretty little volumes that made many a heart happy at Christmas time a dozen years ago; and among them the illustrated edition of Whittier's 'Snow-bound,' for which Harry Fenn made drawings from sketches from nature, while visiting the scenes referred to in the poem. The drawings were engraved by W. J. Linton and A. V. S. Anthony, and it was the latter to whose skill and taste the whole book was most indebted. It was this volume, if we mistake not, more than any other, which gave rise to a number of books of a similar kind, which have culminated lately in the beautiful edition of Gibson's 'Pastoral Days'—one of the finest examples of book-making yet seen in America. Mr. Fenn began a movement in this country which has produced a host of imitators of more or less merit, who copy his style but are devoid in most cases of his artistic skill and delicate feeling for nature. In the collection of James R. Osgood & Co. the 'Hanging of the Crane,' by Longfellow, with its charming illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote, deserves especial mention both for its drawings and engravings. Of the other books exhibited which one would like to



mention were 'Mabel Martin,' the new edition of Longfellow's poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), *The American Art Review*, bound, and Appleton's 'Picturesque America.' The first edition of 'The House Beautiful' with its rich and effective drawings by Lathrop engraved by Henry Marsh, was not shown in the present exhibition; and one missed also the portfolio containing the proof impressions from *Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas*; but this deficiency was partly compensated for by the long line of specimens in gold mats and red frames. The series included four proofs, in one frame, of the best cuts of each year, beginning with 1871 and ending with a selection of four from the first number of the *Century* and four from *St. Nicholas*. This array began with David Nichols's strong and effective cuts and came down to King, Cole, Closson, Smithwick and others of the younger men who have done so much to give the magazine its fame.

Of the proofs of the modern men, one can indicate but very few. These must include Cole's 'First Communion,' after Le Page, the 'Berkshire Hills,' after Thayer, the 'Sower,' after Millet, and a number of others; Closson's 'Winifred Dysart,' after George Fuller's painting—delicate and beautiful; W. J. Linton's masterly treatment of a large block, 'The Raft,' after George Harvey's picture, and a remarkable head after Titian; Kruell's excellent rendering of flesh and use of the white line, as shown in the 'Dauphin,' Dean Stanley, Edwin Booth, etc.; F. S. King's splendid tint work after James Beard's drawing; Smithwick's 'Autumn,' after Boughton, and 'Drumming out a Tory,' after Reinhart; J. P. Davis's 'Eager for the Fray,' after Shirlaw; F. French's cuts after Abbey and Pyle; Thomas Johnson's cut of President Garfield's mother, and several smaller cuts; Fred Juengling's interesting exhibit, with chronologically arranged proofs covering ten years' practice, and showing Whistler's head, after a painting by the artist, and 'The Professor,' after the painting by Duveneck; J. H. E. Whitney's wonderful copies of etchings (by wood-cut); Marsh's 'Moths,' and A. J. Whitney's cuts after Blum's spirited drawings; and Miss Powell's 'At the Piano,' after Whistler. Of others who deserve mention were Andrews, for his cuts after Bolton Jones and Murphy; Miss Barber, Dana, Morse, Hellawell, Heinemann, Kingsley, Miller, Speer, Tinkey, and Wolf, who all showed excellent specimens. —In conclusion it must be said that the illustrated book which shall not only please but satisfy the collector of taste and knowledge is yet to be made; that by far the best examples of modern work in the present exhibit, with a few rare exceptions, were those done directly from photographs on the block, of paintings, or from drawings made for reduction; and that the hope of the future must come from the artist rather than the engraver. What we need is less prettiness and more true art.

### The Drama

MR. WALLACK'S new theatre has been opened with some brilliancy. Architecturally it does not materially differ from other theatres. Inside it is a blaze of gold. Its seats are peculiarly wide, with broad spaces between each row, so that the bar-rooms in the vicinity may thrive between the acts and the knees of the womenkind may not be crushed out of shape in the efforts of their companions to get there. The Academy enjoys the same advantages, but not to the same extent. It is a system borrowed from the more newly-built theatres of London and Paris, where people converse and stare at their ease, and where performers on the cornet or xylophone are as much out of place as in a drawing-room. The boiler being placed outside the new building, an explosion will hurt nobody but the inmates of the neighboring houses, and if a fire occurs the facilities for escape are said to be exceptional.

Under these circumstances the season was opened with 'The School for Scandal.' The spectators were what the newspapers call 'a representative audience.' It is hard to say what they represented. There were a few well-known names in the list—a famous banker here, a distinguished speculator there, and an artist, poet, or publisher of renown elsewhere. The rest were people of fashion. From the prominence given to their names we presume they are the regular supporters of Mr. Wallack's ventures. If so, Mr. Wallack was ill-advised to begin his performances with 'The School for Scandal.' An audience of this class would be very much better pleased with 'The World'—partly, perhaps, because the company can play 'The World' and cannot play 'The School for Scandal.' The prices were raised artificially on this first night, and probably the people who would stand more fitly for the thought and refinement of New York were barred out by monetary considerations. But it was a little strange to see this herd of wealthy nobodies opening what ought to be, and doubtless will be, the leading theatre of America.

Mr. Wallack made a speech. He wished his audience the compliments of the season, and pledged himself, by the honors of his past career, to maintain the credit of his new house. His fame belongs to theatrical history. His repertory has entirely changed with the course of years. Old playgoers know him as a romantic, brilliant,

dashing soldier; young playgoers know him as a languid man of fashion. 'Rosedale' combines the two characters, and this still remains his most popular piece. 'The Three Guardsmen,' 'The Veteran,' and the 'Captain of the Watch' presented his talent most favorably in the one line; 'Home,' 'School,' and 'Ours,' are the most successful specimens of the other. He has qualities that will give him rank among histrionic masters. His airiness, lightness, grace are inimitable. He alone has the secret of delivering a humorously pathetic speech, bubbling upwards in laughs, then dying away in a sob. He is also a very fair playwright, and an excellent stage manager. He appears on Monday in 'The Colonel' at the Park Theatre. Everybody will be glad to see him in a new part. His plays are getting a little rusty.

Mr. John Gilbert also made a speech. He said that he had been a public performer for a great number of years and could not be expected to see the opening of many more new theatres. Mr. Gilbert can always command the sympathy of an audience. His reputation was established before most of them were born. The critics are afraid to find fault with him lest he should say: 'Well, that is the tradition.' He is pretty sure to be right. He has all the traditions at his finger's end. Whether his personages are natural and true is quite another matter. Certainly none of us ever saw, met, or talked to an old gentleman like Mr. Gilbert's Sir Peter Teazle. Sheridan had no powers of observation—absolutely none; the playwrights who came after him had none; they simply knew the stage; they knew that certain tricks of voice and manner were accepted as the marks of certain emotions, and with these conventional habits they furnished the actors. The observers of their own century, such as Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, and the observers of our own century, such as Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, had very little aptitude for the boards. Mr. Gilbert, then, has equipped himself with all the arts of tradition, and as very few modern actors know even these, he has little difficulty in maintaining his supremacy.

The company which will support Mr. Wallack and Mr. Gilbert is hardly changed from the company of last year. It is headed by Miss Rose Coghlan, who may be called the Croizette of America. Croizette has more energy and probably thinks more; but Rose Coghlan has at least as fine a presence, as excellent a taste in attire, and as strong an inclination for the brilliantly epigrammatic characters of the stage—adventuresses, courtesans, and women of the world. Mme. Ponisi, Miss Germon, Miss Boniface are known; Miss Fanny Addison, a new comer, may make a sensation if she is introduced in the right part. As Rosa Dartell, the vixen of 'David Copperfield,' she played with astonishing vigor in London; she had a long provincial training at Bath and Bristol, the nursery of good English actors; and though she is ill-fitted for soft and womanly parts, she is terribly effective in those which are crammed with villainy. Mr. Osmond Tearle, who leads the male performers, is what 'The World' made him; his appearance robust, his method wholly innocent of the niceties of his art. Mr. Elton is a comedian of the Nuremberg nutcracker kind—dry, hard, quite without unction. Mr. Harry Edwards and Mr. Gerald Eyre are the only other male actors of any account.

The programme for the season has not yet been announced. 'The Money-Spinner,' by Mr. A. W. Pinero, an English actor, will be produced almost immediately. It contains a character compounded of Robertson's Eccles and Thackeray's Costigan, who is said to be excruciatingly funny. The play was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Hare played the Eccles-Costigan personage aforesaid. After 'The Money-Spinner' it is probable that 'Youth' will be produced. This is a melodrama by two of the three authors of 'The World.' The play depicts the sailing of a troop-ship and a stirring battle between British and natives. The fight is called 'The Defence of Hawk's Point' but whether it takes place in Zululand or in Afghanistan nobody who has seen it has yet been able to determine. Mr. Wallack says nothing about producing the standard comedies. This is not to be regretted. As an evidence of respectability, of the tone which the house strives to maintain, the standard comedies are well enough. As an entertainment they are apt to fail dismally.

### Mr. Wilde and His Gospel.

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S lecture, delivered on Monday at Chickering Hall, was not strictly a theatrical entertainment. At the same time it had little to do with literature, music, or the fine arts; and as people went to it as they would go to a circus or a fair, it may well be reviewed in a department which views with equal eye the midgits and the giants, the 'School for Scandal' and the new play of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. What Mr. Wilde proposed it is hard to determine. He is a very young man, and belongs to a class which the expressive slang of the hour characterizes as 'fresh.' He has plainly seen nothing of the world, though he may have visited several other countries besides his own. In England he has met with many rebuffs which would predispose Americans in his favor. He has uncon-

tered ridicule with a serenity that would betoken courage if it did not savor of self-conceit. He has had the misfortune, possessing very mediocre abilities, to gather round him a band of young men as poorly endowed as himself, and has thus been persuaded that he has a mission, that he has something to tell the world. The results of this conviction were embodied in his lecture, which was pretentious, sophomorical, and dull.

The theme was 'The English Renaissance.' The point at which the lecturer wanted to arrive, but which, like all muddled thinkers, he constantly missed, was exceedingly simple. There has grown up in England a mania for house decoration. It is not, in most cases, born of an enthusiasm for the arts, but, having become the fashion, it has done something to encourage artistic feeling. Hence there is a great deal of slipshod talk about poets and painters in English drawing-rooms; many hand-books have been published concerning the old Italian masters, and a set of critics has come into existence—guided by Messrs. Colvin, Wedmore, and Comyns Carr—who judge a work chiefly by the effect it produces on their nerves. As a rule English people have deplorably little taste for art, and persons of very small wit and knowledge are able to influence them. And it happened that Mr. William Morris, an upholsterer, who had designed some tasteful wall papers, had obtained a reputation as a poet of the Spenserian school. The combination of poetry and upholstery was so uncommon that many people were induced to buy his wall-papers. Having bought them, they were bound to find gimcracks that should match them. Their houses being thus furnished in a new style, they found it necessary to dress in harmony with the prevailing colors. Then the jokers said that they must not only dress but live up to their furniture. So a few wall-papers effected a revolution in English households, and the result was pretty, simple, and picturesque. It would also have been harmless if the purpose of art were to while away an idle hour.

This wall-paper movement was translated in Mr. Wilde's lecture into a fine æsthetic jargon. Standing on the platform in knee-breeches, pumps, a white waistcoat, and silk stockings, he defined the English Renaissance as being a desire to produce a type of general culture, a desire for a more gracious and comely mode of life, a passion for physical beauty, and a seeking for new forms of poetry, new forms of art, and new intellectual and imaginative enjoyments. In other words, he advised us to know more, feel keener, dress better, mend our manners, have an eye for shape, and be as original as we can. Fancy a man crossing the Atlantic, coming three thousand miles, to tell us that. Imagine a hall filled with educated people, each paying a dollar, to hear such platitudes. And really that was all the lecturer had to say. He craved 'a flawless devotion to form,' whatever a 'flawless devotion' may be; he appealed only to 'exclusive sensitive natures'; he invited chosen spirits to come and sit with him in 'the secure and sacred house of Beauty.' What little Mr. Wilde has yet achieved, has been done, we believe, at college. He has not yet had the battle of life to fight. He doubtless believes that an admiration for pretty things will carry him a long way. Everybody has had the same enthusiasm in his time; everybody has outlived it. Look round on all the artistic producers of our time—its novelists, poets, painters, playwrights, journalists—who of them did not believe in his youth that the form of things was enough? Each of them grew older, and found that beneath the form was the substance, and that the purpose of art was chiefly ethical.

Poets live mainly by their moral force. Those of them who are music-makers, mere jinglers of words, are soon forgotten. And if there are three poets of our century who had no moral force they are Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne. These are, of course, the chief divinities in Mr. Wilde's Pantheon. Shelley, it appears, gave æstheticism its first and Swinburne its latest 'glory of song.' Keats is the 'pure and serene artist—the forerunner of the pre-raphaëlle school.' All three have their admirers; they are essentially poets' poets; and many young gentlemen who write verses in this country incline to think each of them a 'bigger man than old' Shakspeare. But the world at large cares little for them, and still less for the pre-raphaëllites. Mr. Wilde says that these painters had on their side what the English never forgive—youth, power, and enthusiasm; they had Ruskin's 'faultless eloquence' to help them; and after much par-turition, they gave birth to Mr. Burne-Jones. If Mr. Burne-Jones and 'his exquisite spirit of choice' is all the pre-raphaëlle revolution has given us, the public will be disposed to say with Madame Angot, 'c' n' était pas la peine assurément, de changer le gouvernement.'

The style of the lecture was worthy of its matter. It was of the flowery order peculiar to prize compositions at school. 'The epics of Asia are not ended,' cried the orator: 'the Sphinx is not yet silent, nor the fountain of Castaly dry.' And here again the thunder rolled: 'Those strange, wild-eyed sibyls, fixed eternally in the whirlwind of ecstasy: those mighty limbed and Titan prophets, laboring with the secret of the earth and the burden of mystery, that guard and glorify the chapel of the Pope Sixtus at Rome—do they not tell us more of the real spirit of the Italian Renaissance, of the dream of Savonarola, than all the brawling bores and cooking women of Dutch art can

teach us of the real spirit of the history of Holland?' Nor was this the limit of the lecturer's flatulency. Anybody could see that he had no definite aim; that he was stuffed with book-lore and was drawing it out at random. He is not likely to find much encouragement here. We have poetasters enough. We should like to see Mr. Wilde put his hand to some manual labor. He might buy a few acres at Mr. Hughes's colony of Rugby or even a sheep farm in Colorado; and there, having disciplined himself with bodily toil, and having unlearned by a course of sound reading all the pernicious nonsense he now seems to have imbibed, he might come forth from his 'whirlwind of ecstasy,' clothed and in his right mind, and might do some credit to the profession of letters.

## Music

### Third Concert of the Symphony Society.

FOR this concert, which took place at Steinway Hall on the evening of the 7th inst., Dr. Damrosch had arranged his programme somewhat after the form of a crescendo, beginning with Mendelssohn's graceful and beautiful 'Scotch' Symphony, and ending with Liszt's 'Hunnenschlacht,' a symphonic poem, which is neither graceful nor beautiful, but makes a vast deal of noise. Sandwiched between these numbers were a song by Beethoven, the 'Waldweben' from Wagner's 'Siegfried,' and the Duo-Nocturne from Berlioz's 'Beatrice and Benedick.' The Symphony (in which the very moderate tempo of the first movement seemed almost too slow, and the *andante* too long—as almost all of Mendelssohn's slow movements do) was smoothly, almost elegantly, performed, and was received as an old friend by a very sympathetic audience. The Liszt poem was also well played, and, as it introduces the organ, big drum, and cymbals, it made an effect upon those in the audience who cared for that sort of thing. Whether Wagner's 'Waldweben' was well or badly rendered, we confess our inability to say. This was our second hearing of the movement. On the first, it sounded like a muddle: this time it seemed still more of a muddle. That there may be something in the movement when given with its proper stage accessories we are not ready to deny, but there is certainly no music in it in the concert room. Whether that other thing that it does contain is quite the proper element for a concert programme must remain, we suppose, an open question. Miss Simms's singing of Beethoven's 'Wachtelchlag' calls for no especial notice—excepting, perhaps, as to the wisdom of bolstering up a song of this kind with an orchestral accompaniment, when Beethoven, who could also score respectably for the orchestra, thought best to set it for the pianoforte. In the Berlioz duo with Mrs. Cole, who has a pleasant mezzo-soprano voice, Miss Simms displayed considerable dramatic feeling and a pleasanter quality of voice than we had previously remarked in her singing.

### Mr. Neuendorff's 'Don Quixote.'

MR. ADOLF NEUENDORFF may be said to have attained at least a partial success with his former opera 'The Ratcatcher of Hamelin.' In it, Mr. Mertens was fitted with a part in which he appeared to some advantage, and was enabled, in a sense, to carry the piece. In the new 'Don Quixote,' which had its first representation at the Germania Theatre on Monday, the 9th instant, nobody appeared to advantage—excepting, perhaps, a very clever donkey—and the opera must be set down as an utter failure. The libretto is exceedingly dull, and very badly constructed—in fact, nor 'constructed' at all, but merely patched together—and would kill the work of the cleverest composer that ever tried to write an opera. But it is not a whit duller than Mr. Neuendorff's music, which is also perfectly innocent of any attempt at dramatic construction, and which would certainly be the death of any libretto ever written. Of the many requirements for a successful composer of comic opera Mr. Neuendorff has but one: he knows how to score passably well. His instrumentation is monotonous, though it shows routine, and knowledge of the orchestra; and his sense of melody is of the weakest; the occasional scraps to be heard in 'Don Quixote,' when not utterly commonplace, are borrowed, and not wisely borrowed. German marches and part songs are scarcely an appropriate setting for a Spanish story; nor is a scrap from Liszt's 'Second Hungarian Rhapsody' the most fitting air with which to introduce a Spanish gypsy.

### A Life of Purcell.

MR. CUMMINGS, who is well known in England as one of the best oratorio tenor singers of the day, is to be credited with excellent taste and judgment in the arrangement of the materials which he has collected for his brief sketch of the life and labors of Purcell.\* That he finds himself limited in the main to facts that are already in the

\* Purcell. By William H. Cummings, \$1. (Great Musicians Series.) New York: Scribner & Welford.



possession of the public is doubtless largely due to the lack of interest in composers in Purcell's time. Talented musician that he was—undoubtedly the most talented that England has produced—the record of his life is to be found principally in the dedications prefixed to such of his works as were printed during his lifetime, or in the salary lists of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey, where he was employed as organist and—copyist! One of the most remarkable features of Purcell's work was its excellence in compositions both for the church and the stage; his anthems are models of form and masterly part writing, while much of his dramatic music, though slightly antiquated in form, has still as much force and application as most of Glück's work, and is on the whole more graceful and melodious. The well-known music to 'Macbeth'—commonly credited to Matthew Locke—is proved by Mr. Cummings to be an early composition of Purcell's, and, indeed, bears many traces of his later style.

#### Musical Notes.

MESSRS. WM. A. POND & Co. announce for speedy publication six new quartets for female voices, by Oscar Weil.

Miss Henrietta Beebe, a favorably known soprano of this city, on her first appearance in London, at one of the late Monday Popular Concerts, made an excellent impression.

Miss Annie Louise Cary announces her retirement from professional life, a concert at Portland, Maine (her home), in June next, being fixed as the occasion of her last appearance in public.

This little book\* sketches briefly and graphically the plots of about forty of the most popular operas of the current repertory, giving, besides, biographical notes of their composers. It ought to be welcome to opera goers.

Berlioz's writings, as well as his musical compositions, seem to be attracting popular attention at the present time. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are about to publish his 'Memoirs,' translated under the supervision of Mr. George Grove; and Calmann Levy has just brought out a new volume of the 'Lettres Intimes,' with a preface by Gounod.

\* Operas: Their Writers and Their Plots. By 'Notelrac.' 75 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The New York Chorus Society, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, will give its first public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, 27th inst., to be followed on Saturday evening by the first concert. The programme, which includes Beethoven's Choral Fantasy (pianoforte by Mr. Joseffy), Handel's 'Utrecht' Jubilate, and the prelude and choruses from Professor Paine's 'Edipus' music, will be unusually interesting.

Beethoven's great pianoforte Sonata in B flat, op. 106, is making its way into the concert repertoire. It has been performed in London within a few weeks by Mr. Edward Dannreuther and Mr. Walter Bache. The latter gentleman, who is the apostle of Liszt to the English, has just given a recital in which, besides the Beethoven Sonata, he played only compositions of the Abbé.

Mr. George H. Ellis, of Boston, has issued, in neat pamphlet form, short analytical papers on Beethoven's Fifth and Sixth (Pastoral) Symphonies—on the Fifth by B. H. Macfarren, and on the Pastoral by George Grove. Notes, with reference to the origin of the Symphonies, are given in both, which will be found interesting to students. Mr. Ellis also announces for immediate publication analyses of the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Symphonies, from the best musical authorities.

In a recent letter to a correspondent, Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral and principal of the London Training School for Music, expresses his renewed confidence in the tonic sol-fa system of notation, which, after a trial of more than twelve years, he regards as the true notation for voices. Dr. Stainer speaks of the system as 'invaluable as a logical and philosophical method of teaching singing,' and thinks that 'the staff presents special difficulties to would-be singers who cannot play on any instrument; and that the Tonic Sol-fa removes these difficulties.'

The recklessness with which some people whose houses are made of glass throw stones has been newly illustrated by the Abbé Liszt, who, in his late book on Chopin, falls foul of the Hebrew composers, whom he accuses, *en masse*, of 'creating nothing,' and whose only merit he declares to be 'a certain cleverness in utilizing the ideas of others.' A more accurate estimate of his own best and only quality as a composer Liszt could not possibly have written; his entire capital has been the ideas of more gifted composers, and his only permanent value consists of his great skill in combining and treating them.

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